The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor *of* The Bookman, 27, Paternoster Row, London, E.C., *at latest by the 20th of each month—if possible earlier.*

No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception.

All new books sent for review will receive notice, long or short, in the succeeding number. Thus all books received before the 15th *of* March *will be noticed in the* April *number; books received subsequently and up to the* 15th April *in the* May *number.*

NEWS NOTES

Messrs. Macmillan and Company, who have, since the death of the head of the firm, formed themselves into a Limited Liability Company, are thinking of removing from their present premises in Bedford Street to much larger ones that they will build specially to meet the requirements of their enormous business. The exact locality of the new house has not yet been made public, but no doubt it will not be very far away from the vicinity of Covent Garden. Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have occupied their present premises in Bedford Street since the year 1863, having come there from another house in Bedford Street, and previously to that from Henrietta Street, Covent Garden.

We understand that Mr. Rudyard Kipling intends by-and-bye to take up his permanent residence in England.

We regret to hear of the serious illness of Mr. Lloyd Osbourne.

The most interesting biography of the coming season will be that of Oliver Wendell Holmes, which is now completed. Another attractive American biography will be that of Phillips Brooks, which is in a forward state.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will issue in the Spring a new work by Ian Maclaren. The title is "The Mind of the Master," and the book is intended to give a popular and fresh exposition of the teaching of Christ. Some of the chapters have already appeared in the *Expositor*, but much of the book will be new. The volume will mark a new departure in religious publishing; it will be got up somewhat in the style of the author's previous books, and will in appearance, as well as in contents, appeal to a lay public. Other volumes will follow on the same lines, the hope of the writers being to secure an audience from those who have been accustomed to pass by books of a religious and theological kind. The volume will appear simultaneously in the United States, where it will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead, and Co. The first editions in both cases will be very large.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton will publish very soon the first volume of Professor George Adam Smith's exposition of the minor prophets. The title of the book will be "The Book of the Twelve Prophets," and the first volume will deal with Amos, Hosea, and Micah. Professor Smith says in his preface that the twelve prophets have been "haunted for centuries by a peddling and ambiguous title," and are "undeserving of the niggardly name of 'Minor.'" He has prefixed a historical sketch of the prophet in early Israel, and then takes the twelve in chronological order. To each of them a chapter is given of historical and critical introduction to his book, then some account of the prophet himself as a man and a seer, then a complete translation of the various prophecies handed down under his name with textual foot-notes, and an exposition and application to the present day in harmony with the aim of the series to which the volumes belong; finally, a discussion of the main doctrines the prophet has taught, if these have not been dealt with in the course of the exposition. Professor Smith says that it is certain that the criticism of the prophetic books has now entered on a period of the same analysis and discrimination which is almost exhausted in the case of the Pentateuch.

Mark Rutherford's new novel, entitled "Clara Hopgood," will be issued by Mr. Fisher Unwin on the 17th of this month. It will form one of Mr. Unwin's six-shilling novel series. In the same series towards the end of the month will be published a further collection of South Sea stories, "The Ebbing Tide," by Louis Becke.

Mr. W. B. Yeats is preparing a new volume of stories, which will be issued shortly by Messrs. Lawrence and Bullen.

Mr. George Moore's new novel, on which he is at present engaged, will probably be entitled "Evelyn Innes."

Mr. Quiller Couch has returned from his visit to the South of France, and is now again at Fowey.

In the summer number of the *Illustrated London News* there will appear a new essay by Robert Louis Stevenson, which has been discovered among the papers left by him.

"The Deterioration of Nancy" will be the title of a sequel to Mr. Frederick Wedmore's "To Nancy"—a study of the affection of an elderly man for a young dancing-girl, which appeared in the first number of the *Savoy*.

Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden are about to issue a new series entitled "Nineteenth Century Classics,' under the editorship of Mr. Clement Shorter. The books of the series will consist of the classics of the last ninety years, more especially those of the early half of the century. They will be issued in dainty form, printed by the Chiswick Press, at the uniform price of 2s. 6d. Among the first five volumes will be three works of Carlyle: "Sartor Resartus," with an introduction by Professor Dowden; "Heroes and Hero-Worship," prefixed by Mr. Edmund Gosse; and "Past and Present," which could have found no more

suitable commentator than Mr. Frederic Harrison. Now for the first time we shall have choice and cheap editions of these books. Another volume of the series will be Matthew Arnold's poems, including "Alaric at Rome," which has never been reprinted, and giving the original texts of the others. Dr. Garnett will write the preface to this collection. Mrs. Browning's "Prometheus Bound" will be reprinted for the first time in its original form, and introduced by Mrs. Meynell. The sixth volume of the series will be Mrs. Gaskell's "Cranford," with an introduction by Dr. Robertson Nicoll.

Scribner's Magazine, which has greatly increased its English circulation through Mr. J. M. Barrie's story, is evidently disposed to cultivate English authors. Mr. Henry Norman is engaged on an article dealing with the Balkan question, which will appear in an early number. A poem has also been arranged for from the pen of Miss Dora Sigerson.

Mr. Anthony Hope has recently declined an offer of £150 for a short story.

The success of Mr. Hope's "Prisoner of Zenda" seems likely to rival that of "Trilby," and it is generally expected that the play is now a fixture at the St. James's for many months to come.

Mr. Rolfe Boldrewood's famous story, "Robbery under Arms," has been recently dramatised, and the play has been produced in the provinces. During the season just closed it was presented over 100 times, and was so successful that a new tour has been arranged.

Ian Maclaren is to contribute a short story, entitled "The Retiring of Domsie," to the April number of *Pearson's Magazine*.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co. will publish shortly a new book by Marie Corelli, under the title of "The Mighty Atom." The original intention was to include this book in the Zeit-geist Library, but, having expanded to more than double the length required for that series of novels, it will now be issued as a separate volume at 3s. 6d. The first edition will be 20,000 copies.

The next volume of Mr. Unwin's "Story of the Nations" series will be *apropos* of the present Venezuelan question, and will be entitled "The West Indies and the Spanish Main," by Mr. James Rodway. Mr. Rodway's work, "In the Guiana Forest," issued last year, went at once into a second edition. Some of the illustrations are reproductions from drawings by Blake and Stoddart.

Mr. Richard Ashe King, the clever author of "The Wearing of the Green," who has for long written the pointed but good-humoured literary criticisms in *Truth*, under the signature of "Desmond O'Brien," has left Dublin and settled permanently in London, where he will undertake fresh literary work. Before leaving Dublin, Mr. Ashe King was entertained to dinner by his friends. A large company assembled, and the chair was occupied by Dr. Sigerson.

We regret to hear that the health of Professor Drummond is not improving so rapidly as could be wished.

Mr. William Canton, whose charming book, "The Invisible Playmate," has been so enthusiastically received, both in England and America, has another volume of a similar kind in the press. It will be entitled "W. V.: Her Book, and other Verses," and will be published by Messrs. Isbister in the spring. A copyright edition will also appear in America.

We hear that the copy of Mr. Rudyard Kipling's new volume of poems has now been delivered to the publishers.

Mr. Max Pemberton has arranged to write a new series of stories for publication in the *Strand Magazine*. He has also agreed to write a new serial story for publication in one of Messrs. Cassell and Co.'s periodicals at an early date.

The same writer's "From the Diary of a Valet" is to be published in the United States of America by Messrs. Harper Bros.

After his volume of short stories, which Messrs. Ward, Lock, and Bowden are to publish in the spring, Mr. Shan F. Bullock will give us another long novel dealing with Irish peasant life. There is little probability, however, of this work being finished in time for publication this year. Mr. Bullock has been overwhelmed with offers from America following upon his signal success with that clever story, "By Thrasna River."

Messrs. Huchinson and Co., encouraged by the success of their Zeit-geist Library, are arranging for the issue of another series of novels, to be called the Leisure Library. Each story is to be complete in a single volume, illustrated with full-page drawings, head-pieces, initials, and coloured frontispieces. The first volume, "The Second Opportunity of Mr. Staplehurst," is to be by Mr. Pett Ridge, and will be followed by a story written by a new author, under the title of "The Flaw in the Marble."

The Hon. Arthur Elliot, the newly-appointed editor of the *Edinburgh Review*, is not the first literary member of his family. His mother, the late Countess of Minto, was an industrious compiler of memoirs from family papers; whilst from the Minto stock sprung not only the authoress of the beautiful "Flowers of the Forest," but also Sir Gilbert Elliot, author of the somewhat artificial pastoral love-song, alluded to by Scott, which opens with the line, "My sheep I deserted, I broke my sheep-hook."

Mr. Elliot represented Roxburghshire in Parliament, first in the Liberal and subsequently in the Unionist interest, from 1880 to 1892, and distinguished himself by being one of the very first to dissent from Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule policy. He has long been a contributor to the review which he now edits.

Shenstone is not a poet who is much in vogue just now, and probably it is not generally known that several of his MSS. are extant in the collection of Mr. John Bohn, of Brighton. They consist of a volume of poems, and three other volumes, containing journals, a catalogue of coins, etc., exhibiting many variations from the text of Dodsley's edition. The poems are illustrated by tail-pieces, sketches of the Leasowes, etc., executed in water-colour by the author himself, as is thought, and are inscribed to Mary Cutler, his steward's daughter, with the motto from Terence, "In amore hœc omnia insunt."

"The Outcast of the Land" is the title of the new book by Joseph Conrad, which Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will issue shortly. The scenery is the same as in Mr. Conrad's previous work, the local colouring being Borneo and the Malay Peninsula, but the author takes his characters back to early periods of their lives. Readers who have seen the story say it will enhance the popularity of the author. It will be published in New York by the firm of Appleton.

Mr. Unwin will publish shortly, in the new Irish Library, a short life of Thomas Davis, by Sir Charles Gavan Duffy.

We understand that the new magazine *Melody*, to be published by Mr. C. Arthur Pearson, has the co-operation of two leading musical firms, and is expected to be very successful. It will, we believe, be published in full music size.

The committee of the Authors' Society have done well to recognise the demand for a representative element in the management, and by its timely action they have probably averted a storm. We feel sure that there is throughout the membership of the Society, a sincere appreciation of the services rendered by its founders, but if it is now to develop healthily, it must be along normal lines. There is no harm in a gradual progress, but in the end the list of members must be printed, and the committee elected entirely by the votes of the Society. Enough has been said about the address to the authors of America. It was well meant, but injudicious. One American literary journal describes it as "hysterical," and uncharitably assumes that those who signed it were mainly alarmed about their royalties. We are sure this is an unjust construction.

Many English authors will regret to hear of the death, from paralysis, of Bill Nye, the American humourist.

Of the earliest volumes in Mr. John Lane's new series of books, at 4s. 6d. net, will be a work called "The Sacrifice of Fools," by R. Manifold Craig. Sir William Nevill Geary, Bart., has written a book, called "The Lawyer's Wife," for the series, which will also include Mrs. Gertrude Atherton's "Patience Sparhawk and her Times." Other volumes at a latter date are to be "Weighed in the Balance," by Harry Landers; and "Glamour," by Meta Orred. Each of these volumes is to be produced in a style worthy of the Bodley Head, and each will have a title-page and cover designed by Patten Wilson.

The text of Messrs. Downey and Company's promised work, "Historic Churches of Paris," has been written by the London correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph*. The book is to be a very thorough one, and is to be illustrated all through by Mr. Le Fanu. It will have, in addition, a photogravure frontispiece reproduced by Lemercier. The result cannot fail to be a very interesting volume in a field where much good work remains to be done.

A new life of Goethe has been written by Dr. Albert Bielschowsky, and the first volume has just been published by Beck, in Munich. It has been warmly welcomed by Goethe specialists, and is said to do justice to the detailed researches of the past score of years. Nothing seems to have escaped the biographer's notice. He questions the value of data furnished by Goethe himself concerning his earlier career, and seeks to demonstrate that in this respect he had an exceedingly untrustworthy memory.

The *Nation* calls attention to a remarkable confession in a recent number of the *Revue Critique*. There the eminent French scholar, M. H. d'Arbois de Jubainville, member of the Institute and of many learned Societies, says he had often heard of Freeman, and read in the English reviews high praise of his qualities as a historian. He had never seen one word of his until, happening by chance one day to be at the office of the *Revue Critique*, he saw lying on the table the first volume of the "History of Sicily" in a German translation published last year at Leipzig. M. d'Arbois de Jubainville opened the volume, and ran through some pages of it, and was "ravi par le talent de l'auteur, qui, chose extraordinaire, était à la fois un érudit et un grand historien." He took the volume away with him, and felt a certain sense of shame that he had not sooner known so remarkable a work—a work which had appeared in 1891, and which covered, in part, ground which he himself had traversed in various studies and writings. He visited the library of the Institute, and that of the University, and found in each the "History of Sicily" in English, but not a leaf had been cut at either. The *Nation* properly says that one may permit himself to imagine what would be said of an English or American scholar who confessed entire ignorance on any French writer who could be considered anything like Freeman's equal.

The latest University to open its doors to women is the University of Athens. Five women were enrolled for the winter term, not without violent objection from some of the students. It was indeed with difficulty that the authorities could restore order.

The catalogue of the Bibliotheque Nationale in Paris proceeds slowly, though for more than twenty-five years the whole force at the library has been engaged in this enormous work. It is not expected to be ready sooner than the year 1900.

Dr. Ludwig Stein, of Bern, is convinced that the time has come for scientifically formulating the art of biography, and that the laws of biographical technique should now be defined and established. He discusses the subject in a new German periodical entitled *Biographische Blaetter*, which has completed the first year of its existence. It is a quarterly magazine of 130 pages, dealing with the art of biography, its methods of inquiry, its raw materials, and its literary form.

We stated in the review of "The Rise of Wellington," in our last issue, that the book was issued by the *Pall Mall Magazine* Publishing Co. It is a volume of the *Pall Mall Magazine* Library, the publishers of which are Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Co.

Mr. T. Fisher Unwin will publish soon a work by the celebrated Italian novelist, Antonio Togazzaro, entitled "Malombra." The translator is Mr. F. Thorold Dickson.

Mr. Togazzaro is one of the very few Italian writers who have won a reputation outside their own country.

The first volume of a series of history books for children is "Scotland," by Mrs. Oliphant (Mr. T. Fisher Unwin). Mr. Unwin has in preparation, for issue in the course of the next month or two, "England," by Miss Frances Cook, author of "An English Hero;" and "France," by Marie Rowsell.

MONTHLY REPORT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

JANUARY 20TH TO FEBRUARY 22ND, 1896.

The rush for school books is now over, and on all sides satisfactory reports are made. Each year educational works are more carefully printed and bound, while, so far as the matter is concerned, that seems more than ever simplified. Surely learning should now be much easier than it was twenty-five years since!

Foreign and colonial business has become less active, after a brisk fortnight at the commencement of the period under treatment.

The season for outdoor studies is now approaching, and already works on botany and natural history are being stocked. Since various measures passed for the protection of wild birds have come into force, there is a smaller sale of boys' books on nests and eggs. With this exception, the scientific study of natural history is as popular as ever, and a new edition of Morris' "Butterflies" and the same author's "Birds" has been well received. Books on birds are always welcomed.

The stir caused by the state of affairs in Armenia has produced a goodly number of pamphlets, each popular for a day or two until its successor appears.

The book of the moment is Slatin Pasha's account of his experiences in the Sudan.

Lent literature is now selling freely. Simultaneously, fiction appears to drop for about a fortnight, and then to resume its old place. Is it because two weeks of Lenten reading are all that can be borne by the average intellect?

The leading Lenten Manuals are generally those most recently issued. The demand for "something new" is a constant one in every department of literature. The titles are:—

Driven by the Spirit. By F. D. Robinson. 1s. 6d.
A Treasury of Meditation. By W. J. Knox-Little. 3s. 6d.
The Beatitudes as Learned by the Cross. By F. W. Isaacs. 1s.
God's Fast. By James Adderley. 9d. and 1s.
Apart with God. By Vernon Staley. 6d. and 1s.

The Rev. George Body's works are also very much appreciated.

Carlyle has still a large following, as a work on his Homes and Haunts is selling freely.

Notwithstanding sundry heart-burnings, the productions of the Poet Laureate, especially those more recently published, are much read, or, at least, are purchased, which is all the bookseller can be expected to trouble himself about. Many booksellers now post up in their shops or libraries "The Bulletin of New Books." From reports received this practice appears to be answering the purpose suggested in this column some time since, viz., to make the bookseller's shop the resort of those of literary tastes.

Among magazines and serial issues the most noticeable addition is *The Navy and Army Illustrated*. Its sale is very extensive. *Chambers's Journal*, *Cassell's Magazine*, *Sunday at Home*, and all the old favourites maintain their popularity and perpetual youth.

Appended is a list of the leading books of the day :—

Fire and Sword in the Sudan. By R. C. Slatin Pasha. 21s. net.
Trilby. By Geo. Du Maurier. 6s.
The Sorrows of Satan. By Marie Corelli. 6s.
The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard. By A. Conan Doyle. 6s.
Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
The Days of Auld Lang Syne. By Ian Maclaren. 6s.
Mistress Dorothy Marvin. By J. C. Snaith. 6s.
Sweetheart Travellers. By S. R. Crockett. 6s.
Comedies of Courtship. By Anthony Hope. 6s.
The Creed of the Christian. By C. Gore. 1s. 6d.
Dictionary of Phrase and Fable. By E. C. Brewer. 10s. 6d.
The Garden that I Love. By A. Austin.
In Veronica's Garden. By A. Austin. 9s.
The Life of the Right Hon. J. Chamberlain. By S. H. Jeyes. 3s. 6d.
Plea for Simpler Life. By G. S. Keith. 2s. 6d.
The Village Watch Tower. By Kate D. Wiggin. 3s. 6d.
The Prisoner of Zenda. By Anthony Hope. 3s. 6d.
John Halifax. By Mrs. Craik. 3s. 6d.
The Homes and Haunts of Carlyle. 2s. 6d.
The Red Badge of Courage. By Stephen Crane. 2s. 6d. net. and 3s. net.
For His Sake: Elsie Marshall. 2s.
Absolute Surrender. By Andrew Murray. 2s. 6d.
Encyclopædia of Gardening. By T. W. Saunders. 3s. 6d.

WEEKLY STATEMENT OF THE WHOLESALE BOOK TRADE.

Week ending
Jan. 25, 1896.—Trade good, owing to school book orders. A busy time in foreign and colonial departments.
Feb. 1, „ —Business still satisfactory, although somewhat easier. Foreign and colonial business about the same.
„ 8, „ —Trade a little more quiet, owing to the completion of school orders. There is not so much doing in foreign and colonial trade.
„ 15, „ —A quiet week, as is usual on the approach of Lent. Colonial and foreign about the same.
„ 22, „ —Trade still quiet, as Lent has commenced. Foreign and colonial business is a little brisker.

NOTES FROM PARIS.

A GOOD deal of curiosity has been expressed in French literary circles about the new Poet Laureate and his works, and I am getting quite tired of hearing the question: "Qu'est-ce donc cet Austin?" Alphonse Daudet is exulting to hear that in many places in England dissatisfaction with the choice of the Government is being expressed, as he believes that this may lead to the abolition of the office, which, he says, is as much an absurdity in England as the Academy is in France. "Literature has nothing to do with these masquerades," he says, sharing with all other Frenchmen the idea that the Poet Laureate goes about perpetually in Court attire. "Les jeunes" are indignant at the selection, for, unfamiliar as they are with English literature, they had decided that Swinburne was the man for the place. As a matter of fact, the office had been conferred on Swinburne years ago by Victor Hugo, who never spoke of him after his visit to the Avenue Victor Hugo, otherwise than as "*le lauréat futur*." One is reminded of this in reading the references to Mr. Alfred Austin, in which Hugo's famous antithesis of the two Napoleons is parodied in reference to the two Alfreds, and knowing Hugo as I did, I can safely say that had he been living, much as he would have preferred that honour should have been done to Swinburne, he would have condemned this parody. I remember his speaking one night at dinner on the cruelty of harsh criticism on

poets. "We are children," he said, "and as sensitive as such." He also once warned me never to injure a man's *amour-propre*. "The wound never heals," he said; and this is quite true. That is why I think that Hugo would have been the first to condemn the brutally unkind attacks which have been made in the press on Mr. Austin. What satisfaction can any one gain in hurting this gentleman's feelings? The sport is unmanly and in abominable taste.

In France there is no official laureateship, but an unofficial one, certainly; and it is held by him whom his fellow-poets consider "le maître." Until a month ago poor Verlaine held this post, to which has now succeeded the poet Stéphane Mallarmé. For him Verlaine had a very high esteem. In his presence his somewhat disdainful manner was laid aside, and he never tired amongst his disciples of holding up Mallarmé as an example and a model. It is certainly Stéphane Mallarmé who to-day is looked upon as France's premier poet. This position he has attained in spite of the fact that he has published (in the ordinary sense of the word) but very little. His principal works were indeed printed in the smallest number of copies possible, for private circulation and not for sales Such of his work as has been given to the public has been published in the small magazines of *les jeunes*, magazines of the smallest circulation, which are never seen by any one outside the literary coteries by whom they are inspired. In England such a man would be totally unknown outside the circle of his friends. Yet in France the name of Mallarmé is known to every man and woman of any culture, from Dieppe to Nice. That is because the interest in literary matters, which in England is only relative, is paramount in France. Mallarmé, I may add, literally talked himself into fame, before he had even published anything in the small way in which he did publish. For years he held each week, in his tiny apartment, one night, open house. Anybody interested in literature was a welcome guest. Punch was provided, and those who could not find chairs leaned against the walls. During the whole of these delightful receptions Mallarmé, standing with his back to the stove, would talk, an admirable *causerie* on the poets and the poetry of the day. Now and again he would give a poem of his own. It was Academy on the fourth floor of a Haussmann house. In this way he gradually became known all over France as a great poet, and his very reserve, beyond the walls of his house, added to the public interest taken in his personality. His character is a noble one. He lives for his art alone, in honourable poverty, disdainful as he is of all money-making practices. Yet his life is one of keen pleasure. He delights in style. To form a well-turned phrase is his sincere enjoyment. He never allows his pen to run. The most trivial writings of his, acceptances of invitations, and so forth, are exquisitely and, no doubt, laboriously turned. As an artist he is indeed an example.

I understand that it is hoped in many quarters by Verlaine's friends that his literary executors will use the greatest discretion as to his unpublished manuscripts, and that no commercial spirit will guide them in deciding on what to publish. Enough matter was left behind to form several volumes, but much of it—so it is said—would better be left unpublished if the poet's fame is to be considered rather than his creditors.

Mr. Rowland Strong, the Paris correspondent of the *Morning Post*, has written a novel which will very shortly be published by Mr. John Lane. The story deals with life in Paris. Mr. Strong is brother to the gifted Oriental scholar of the same name, and through his mother is descended from Chateaubriand.

My practice of appending my address to my letters, a practice which I think ought to be generally adopted by writers of articles which contain critical and personal remarks, brings me each month a number of strange communications from strangers. A few days ago I received by the same post two letters which are typical of this correspondence. One came from Milan and was an expostulation on "the vulgarity" of writing Guy de Maupassant's name as De Maupassant. My correspondent quoted Boileau, and said that I ought to know better. She concluded her letter with the remark, "You will think that I am an old governess, but I am not," and she signed herself "Clarissa." It was the letter of a lady (save for its anonymity) and scholarly withal. The second communication may be quoted *in extenso*. I think it is typical of the faith of certain in the altruistic doctrine:

> "I read your letter to the BOOKMAN each month, and from them learning that you seem to be in corresponding with the famous men of the world I, although, it is exceedingly 'cheeky' thought that you might have, or get me, the signatures of various authors which you would not grudge to a poor, discouraged, isolated collector like myself. If you wish to confer a favor deserving of life-long gratitude, Do this and command . . . ."

In spite of this appeal *ad misericordiam*, life is too short for a poor publicist to act as the agent of strangers with a taste for the collection of autographs.

"Clarissa," by the way, was quite right. "De" Maupassant is as wrong as would be "of" Newcastle, "of" Manchester, "of" Chesterfield, in speaking of the peers of those names. Balzac discarded the "de" altogether, except during the short period in which (just before his unfortunate marriage) he blossomed out as a boulevardier, and drew down on himself, in "La Canne de Monsieur de Balzac," the ridicule of Delphine Gay. But one is proud of one's literary heroes and likes to give them every possible honour, even social and titular, and it is in this spirit that I got into the habit of speaking and writing of *de* Maupassant and *de* Balzac.

Speaking of names reminds me of the publication in a London daily of a somewhat ill-mannered review of a work on contemporary French poets of the young generation, in which sport was made of certain of their names. The fact is that many of these names are strange, but as they are all genuine, not assumed, patronymics, comment upon them is not perhaps in the very best taste. A very prominent French critic once got severely rapped over the knuckles for a similar piece of criticism. In reviewing some poems by young M. Yvanhoë de Rambosson he asked, with chuckles, whether it was possible to conceive a more pretentious, an absurder pseudonym. The laugh was turned against him by the production and publication of the young poet's baptismal certificate.

Mr. Paul Bourget is almost as much a Londoner, now-a-days, as he is a Parisian. He is constantly crossing the Channel, and is a familiar figure in Piccadilly. In fact he

has always had a feeling of tenderness for England, since the days when, with his letters on Oxford, he first attracted attention to his literary superiority. And Taine had taught him to admire English literature, on which Paul Bourget is perhaps, since Taine's death, the best-informed man in France.

It has been stated, and in some quarters the statement has been denied, that Verlaine once wrote to Messrs. Macmillan to ask permission to translate certain of Tennyson's poems. This is a fact, as I am able to vouch for, as I was present when the idea first came to Verlaine, and saw the letter to the London publishers written. It was never answered, and France is the poorer. Verlaine specially admired "The Dream of Fair Women," and it was this poem that suggested the application. I remember his saying—though I could not agree with him—that it reminded one of poor Gerard de Nerval's poem, "Où sont nos amoureuses?"

In a book on "Dining with Celebrities" recently published in London, accounts are given of various dinners with prominent Parisian literary men. In the account of a dinner with Zola I note that the writer speaks of Zola's coming to meet him with a pipe in his mouth. Had he written "with a tomahawk in his hand" it would have sounded far more probable. But who cares what celebrities eat? What they drink, or rather "what they write on," might have some interest. Musset wrote on absinthe and in many of his pieces the progress of the drinking can be traced. The same can be said about poor Verlaine, who once told me that a famous little elegy of his was written in a state of Katzenjammer which was the reaction from a drinking-bout. Many poems of the joys of life spring from alcoholic excitement; many elegiacs on its sadnesses, from the inevitable reaction. The naturalist critic and biographer of the future will tell us on what or after what the masterpieces of the future have been written.

ROBERT H. SHERARD.

THE READER.

LIVING CRITICS.

VI.—MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE is among those of the critics of his time who have earned the right to criticise the considerable performances of others by considerable performances of their own. No one, it is to be supposed, will now dispute either the significance or the permanency of the addition which he has made to the poetical literature of his century, or question that among its characteristics is a strength of intellect which should entitle his critical utterances to a respectful hearing. It cannot be denied that some of the early judges of his poems, including even so sane and mature a censor as Matthew Arnold, were far from impressed with this intellectual force, but the cause was simply, as in Wordsworth's case, impatience with certain prosaic constituents of his poetical work, feeble, no doubt, if regarded in themselves, but rather examples of misdirected strength if viewed in connection with the masculine energy and penetrating sagacity of the far more extensive and important portions of "The Angel in the House." It is, indeed, somewhat startling to find such loftiness and gravity not seldom in perilous propinquity to the ludicrous, but this is a symptom of the curious duality that runs through Mr. Patmore's work, and sometimes almost seems to part both the poet and the critic into twain. Though it could never have been questioned that "The Angel in the House" and the "Odes" proceeded from the same pen, it is still certain that the latter are by no means the kind of composition that the admirers of the former would have expected from their poet; and equally so that readers only acquainted with the "Odes" must feel considerable surprise on extending their knowledge to "The Angel in the House." Similar instances may be produced. The Second Part of Faust, for instance, bears little visible resemblance to "Götz von Berlichingen," but in this case the discrepancy is the result of a long harmonious evolution, demonstrably influenced by successive stages of experience and culture, while in Mr. Patmore's it is difficult to trace it to anything, unless perhaps to the effort of composition in a metrical form which makes the greatest demands of the poet, instead of one which lets him down easily. And just as there is a

Photographed by] [*Barraud.*

MR. COVENTRY PATMORE.

duality in "The Angel in the House," a sphere of strong sense, intense feeling, and exquisite description contrasted with one of prosaic commonplace; so in the "Odes" pure spiritual rapture and marvellous spiritual introspection contrast with unlovely seethings of political passion. In the critical department of Mr. Patmore's work a corresponding duality exists, perhaps best defined by the remark that he belongs to the exceedingly small class of men who have a stronger hold upon and a more lively apprehension of principles existing in the abstract than of principles embodied in individuals. With ordinary men it is different; such can seldom so much as see a principle until it is incarnated in a person. Mr. Patmore is an extraordinary man, and few things in him are more extraordinary than his constant and quiet enunciation of subtle truths, which a discerning reader receives with thankfulness as invaluable additions to his own intellectual store. At the same time, his imperfect grasp of, or frigid indifference to, the actual works which he professes to be criticising render him much happier in the exposition of such principles than in the application of them.

To enunciate this proposition without endeavouring to establish it by examples would be to fall ourselves into the

error which we are imputing to Mr. Patmore. We must, therefore, produce one or two, at the risk of appearing censorious. Among his essays is one on William Barnes, the Dorsetshire poet, one of the most exquisite of our singers, but whose poems, being written in a provincial dialect, are but little known. Mr. Patmore reveals his own high appreciation of Barnes in the title of his essay, "A Modern Classic," and this is literally nearly all that he does for him. There are several pages of admirable remarks about the principles of art in general, and just two pages about Barnes himself, in which he is rather damaged than otherwise by a wholly gratuitous comparison of his poetry to Spenser's "Epithalamium." There is praise, to be sure, but it is all *ipse dixit*, not a single line of Barnes himself is quoted in confirmation or illustration, and, unless the reader has much more respect for *ipse dixits* than he ought to have, his case can only be that of the man who beholds his natural face in a glass. The essay closes very inconsistently with a complaint that people do not read Barnes, but how can they be expected to go out of their way to master an unfamiliar dialect unless convinced that it is worth their while? and can they be convinced by two pages of mere assertion? The essay, therefore, is wholly ineffective as concerns its professed purpose, and we can attribute the failure to nothing but Mr. Patmore's indifference to persons in comparison with principles. His admiration for Barnes is sincere, but tepid; the man is nothing to him in comparison with the views which he can be made to suggest. A critic like Macaulay or Carlyle would have got rid of generalities as soon as possible, tackled the man himself, drawn a picture of him which would have set the world gazing, and expatiated upon his beauties in a way to send their readers after his books. Mr. Patmore's indifference to the critic's proper theme—his author—compared to the opportunities a nominal review affords for theorising, is equally exemplified in his very disappointing essay upon one of the most interesting of recent poetical apparitions, Francis Thompson. Mr. Thompson's attitude is the truly remarkable one of a nineteenth-century poet trying to make himself as much of a seventeenth-century poet as he can, and failing doubly by falling short of the beauties of his models on the one hand, while far transcending their extravagances and absurdities on the other. Yet there is so much native genius in this sorely misguided writer that he merely needs to rid himself of his affectations, and to write with the simplicity and gravity of Mr. Patmore himself (whom he cannot but appreciate, since he owns to stealing from him), to become a bright ornament to English poetry, while otherwise the only alternative for him will be kindly oblivion or an immortality of ridicule. Mr. Patmore's refined taste cannot but have been shocked at Mr. Thompson's vagaries, but his interest in his subject is apparently too languid to prompt him to notice them as he should; the advice which it would so well have become the veteran poet to tender, and to which the younger poet would not have been inattentive, is not given, and Mr. Patmore is partly responsible for the publication of a second example from the same hand of genius expended in grieving the judicious.

If we are right in considering Mr. Patmore's most serious defect as a critic to be that imperfect regard for his theme which leads him to make his author less his quarry than his stalking-horse, it will follow that his critiques upon other writers are comparatively ineffective as wholes, and chiefly memorable for the number of admirable things for the enunciation of which they serve as excuses. Such is indeed the case. Critics far inferior to Mr. Patmore have given more adequate accounts of many of the writers treated by him, and the reason, if we mistake not, is that they have made up in sympathy for what they lacked in discernment. Most profoundly does Wordsworth declare concerning the man of genius:—

> You must love him, ere to you
> He will seem worthy of your love.

This essential qualification, unfortunately, is almost always absent from Mr. Patmore in his relation to the ostensible subjects of his criticisms. He is, indeed, far from incapable of generous admiration. We meet ever and anon with gleams of cordial appreciation of Dante, of Goethe, of Hegel, of the Spanish mystics, but, unfortunately, these are the people he is *not* criticising. Were he to give us detailed studies of any of these, we should expect work of the most satisfactory character and of the highest value. But, unhappily, his critical energy has been mainly spent in reviewing authors whose high standing in the republic of letters he must acknowledge, but whom, nevertheless, he can only bring himself to half admire. To employ one of his own quaint similes, it is as impossible to produce great criticism under such conditions as to breed a whale in a duckpond. A good example of his dealings with a great writer imperfectly apprehended, because imperfectly relished, is his treatment of Rossetti. As he seems on the point of winding up an essay containing many just remarks, but pitched throughout in far too low a key, it suddenly occurs to him that something remains to be said. "In much of his work there is a rich and obscure glow of insight into depths too profound and too sacred for clear speech, even if they could be spoken." Most true! but surely this was the saying to have put into the forefront of the battle. It should have been the text from which the whole sermon was preached, instead of an ornamental appendage at the extremity, like the Troll King's Sunday tail. And so it would, had Mr. Patmore in his dealing with his great contemporary been able to summon to his aid the "love that when wisdom fails makes Cythna wise"; nor would he then have committed himself to the astounding assertion that the wonderful "Burden of Nineveh" might have been written by Southey! This reserved attitude may in a measure be excused as a reaction against the extravagant adulation of writers who show any sort of promise, a nuisance never more obnoxious than now. But the caution which is certainly in place when immature critics pronounce on writers of dubious position is needless when writers of Rossetti's established fame are sifted by men of the intellectual calibre of Mr. Patmore. And, as Darwin's exclusive devotion to science ultimately deprived him of the faculty of appreciating poetry, so the critic who holds enthusiasm in perpetual check is likely to ultimately experience an atrophy of the faculty itself.

> Quoth the beggar, See your sins!
> Of old, unless I err,
> You had brothers for inmates, twins,
> Date and Dabitur.

When Date was in good case,
Dabitur flourished too:
For Dabitur's Lenten face
What wonder if Date rue?

And now we may turn from the ungrateful but needful task of fault-finding, and accompany Mr. Patmore to the ground where he is stronger than any living English critic. No one has a gift like him for the intuitive discernment and convincing statement of novel and yet simple truths. As in his poetry, so in his criticism, his exquisitely uttered prayer has been granted.

Thou primal Love, who grantest wings
And voices to the woodland birds,
Grant me the power of saying things
Too simple and too sweet for words.

It is true that these inspired utterances are sometimes exaggerated into paradoxes, and, though irrefragable in the realm of general principle, are often grievously distorted in their application to individual cases and circumstances. But this is merely the tribute which every artist and thinker must in some department or other of his work pay to mortality. Mr. Patmore's special limitation, as it appears to us, is the difficulty he finds in bringing himself down from the ideal to the concrete. The greater should by rights include the less, but with him clear comprehension of an æsthetic or spiritual truth is no guarantee for its correct application to the case of the next author, or institution, or social tendency that he may happen to encounter. This does not in the least detract from the beauty and value of the original enunciations. How great this is, we may be allowed to establish by a few examples.

Men of vigorous apprehension look at the heavens of truth as it were through a powerful telescope, and see instantly as realities many living lights which are quite invisible to the common eye. But contemplation is like the photographic plate which finds stars that no telescope can discover, by simply setting its passively expectant gaze in certain indicated directions so long and steadily that telescopically invisible bodies become apparent by accumulation of impression.

The follies of a Blake or a Hartley Coleridge are venial when compared with those of the thoughtful and prudent fool—the fool in respect of great things, as the other is in respect of small.

It is a peculiarity of the very highest work of every kind that it is not the result of painful labour, but that it is easier to do it than not to do it, when it can be done at all.

A wise or tender phrase in the mouth of a Byron or a Moore will be despised, where a commonplace of morality or affection in that of a Wordsworth or a Burns will be respected.

Originality consists simply in a man's being upon his own line. A society of persons of true originality in manners would be like an oak—the leaves of which all look alike until they are carefully compared, when it is found that they are all different.

All the music of verse arises, not from infraction, but inflection of the law of the set metre.

The real value of a large aquamarine may be more than that of a small emerald.

In the realms of art and letters genius is, in its initial stage, perceptive reason, the rare power of seeing self-evident things.

Sentences like these are certainly not the kind of writing which one expects to find in newspapers, where, however, most of Mr. Patmore's critical work, so far as he has republished it, originally appeared. The reader, however, who desires to obtain a full view of him as an æsthetic writer must travel back from thirty to forty years, and consult the essays which he was then in the habit of contributing to the *Edinburgh*, *North British*, and *National Reviews*. He does not appear to equal advantage in these more elaborate performances, being necessitated to confine himself to the handling of individual authors, where he rarely seems at home or at ease. As we have remarked, what he in any sense admired in modern literature during his reviewing days he did but half admire, and what he disliked was usually of too little importance to call forth any memorable comment. His reviews of Tennyson and Hawthorne, for example, were disappointingly inadequate; many an inferior man has written far more to the purpose. There is, nevertheless, no lack of the fine, isolated, irrefragable things which seem to render it unjust to class him with the judges of literature, when his place is so evidently with its legislators. In this air of authority, this habit of propounding striking truths which frequently have no very close connection with the ostensible argument of his essay, and are just as likely to occur in a generally unsatisfactory essay as in a conclusive one, Mr. Patmore resembles a great writer whom he unreasonably disparages—Emerson. Neither are powerful reasoners; they hardly seem capable of carrying on a sustained argument from definite premises, they seldom persuade by eloquence or convince by logic, but they announce and illuminate. Notwithstanding great apparent differences, they have much actual resemblance; and the differences chiefly arise from the Englishman's mind being steeped in the dyes, or stains, as the reader pleases, of a host of traditional ideas of which the American knows nothing. But light is light, whether it be *lumen siccum* or filtered through a painted window. Mr. Patmore's style never attains the exquisite beauty of Emerson's at its best, but it is, perhaps, of more uniform excellence. It hardly ever rises to eloquence, although the conclusion of the essay on "Peace in Life and Art" is exceedingly impressive. But it never seems to attempt eloquence, or to care whether it is eloquent or not. With all its wealth of felicitous remark, which might well excuse some apparent self-consciousness, it always conveys the impression that, with the writer, matter is before manner; that, though aware that he has fine things to say, he is not writing for the sake of saying them It possesses two great and by no means usual virtues, the continual intimation of a reserved power, which conveys the pleasant assurance to the reader that he is drinking, not draining, a perennial fountain; and that which Aristotle says all good poetry should exhibit, a continual slight novelty, which stimulates attention at every sentence, and keeps the mind on the alert, without putting it upon the rack.

Mr. Patmore's strictly critical writings are mainly to be found in his "Principle in Art" (1889), but "Religio Poetæ" (1893) and "The Rod, the Root, and the Flower" (1895), though professedly rather ethical or religious than æsthetic, abound with critical remarks that cannot be passed over. All these little books, singularly elegant and compact in outward form, are published by Messrs. George Bell and Sons. The contents, except in the case of the third book, are chiefly reprinted from the *Fortnightly Review* and the *St. James's Gazette*, a circumstance to be borne in mind, as the writer may not always have been able to render his thought full justice in space inevitably so circumscribed. On the other hand, the restriction has been favourable to one of his peculiar merits, the brevity for which he is distinguished in an age of diffuseness. R. GARNETT.

LORD LEIGHTON AT DAMASCUS AND AFTER.

BY DR. WILLIAM WRIGHT.

IT was my privilege when residing in Syria to make the acquaintance of three great artists. From each of these I received a theory of art.

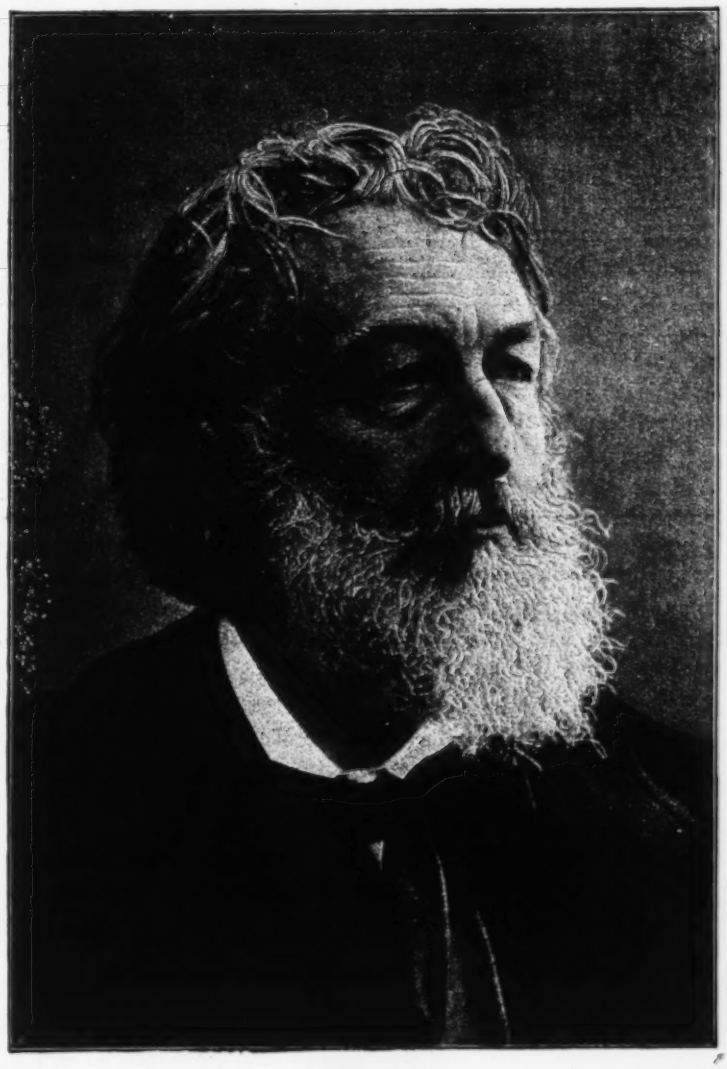
Mr. Church, an American, known in this country chiefly by his great paintings of Niagara and Damascus, accompanied me on a tour through Bashan and the Hauran, and round the eastern base of Mount Hermon. "If," said he, "you wish to excel in art, exaggerate the leading feature."

Days spent with Holman Hunt in Jerusalem and about Olivet are never to be forgotten.

I had admired his work, but I found the man incomparably greater than the artist, and the artist immensely superior to his pictures. Holman Hunt's hairbreadth escapes, and personal pluck and adventures, while painting "The Scapegoat," should not be left in oblivion. He laid his mark on amateur bandits which they carry to their graves.

His theory of art was, "Put your conscience into every leaf you paint, and line you write."

Leighton's guiding rule, often repeated to me in the golden light of Syria and the murky atmosphere of London, was, "Do little or do much, but do it well."



LORD LEIGHTON.

On these three guiding principles hang all the conditions of artistic excellence.

The exaggeration of the leading "featur," though carried to extremes in America, is a safe rule for all who would mark the difference between what is essential and what is subsidiary, but it needs to be accompanied by the Pre-Raphaelite passion for excellence in detail and the patient purpose to do everything well. My first interview with Leighton was characteristic. It was an autumn afternoon in 1873, and I had gone to the roof of my house to enjoy the fresh breeze after a hot ride of thirty miles.

I had scarcely taken my seat when I was startled by a loud and peremptory knock at the outer door. Before there was time for a reply, the latch was lifted and a dazzling *kavas* bustled into the court, followed by a gentleman in European dress, whom he led into the reception room. The *kavas* is a lion of two continents. He may be found in North Africa and Western Asia, wherever there is anyone clothed with a little authority. He is a beast of prey, and his chief duty is to protect his employer from other beasts of prey.

I watched him as he strutted among the lemon trees, and it was evident he had brought me a guest of princely importance. His crooked sword and twisted moustache seemed to curl visibly, and the abundant gold on his blue and purple and scarlet garments glowed and blazed with fierce lustre. He looked as if he might explode. Leaning over the parapet I asked him to show the guest up to the roof, but he, evidently considering such an introduction unworthy of the dignity of the occasion, hesitated. Meanwhile, the stranger, hearing my voice, came skipping up the stone steps and introduced himself as Frederick Leighton.

It was an afternoon rare even in Damascus. The golden autumn had emerged from the furnace of summer, and the gardens, which in spring had surged round the walls like a green sea, cutting off islands and casting flower spray over jutting promontories, had taken on russet and crimson hues. Brazen skies had given place to azure blue, and cool, fresh breezes had swept away the hot breath of the oven.

Leighton sat entranced with the scene. Chocolate mountains rolled away in coils and folds until they culminated in Great Hermon. The sinking sun filled the air with golden light, and deep shadows began to gather round the bases of the mountains and fill the ravines. On a little table we had ice from Hermon, and lemons plucked fresh from the trees, and as we sipped our sherbet in silence, we watched the ever-shifting lights and shadows that played around the majestic mountain. Tongues of fire flickered on the summit, and a mantle of glowing light enveloped its broad shoulders. The colours were ever changing. Roseate hues deepened into amethyst, and lilac and violet passed through all their gradations and

deepened into indigo, and as the colours cooled and vanished, a rigid and frigid pall settled down on Hermon, and the stars hurried out with a rush, and hung down near us like great and useful lamps.

As we rose I expressed fears that I had been wasting my visitor's time, when he replied, "No artist ever wasted time in accurately observing natural phenomena;" and then he added, "That sunset will mix with my paint and colour your ink as long as either of us lives." A few days later we were watching a fiery sunset, when the western horizon seemed ablaze, and I made the casual remark that it was soon over. "It will never be over," he said, with earnestness; "it has dyed our spirits in colours that can never be washed out."

One of our recreations was searching for oriental draperies, and we had many rich finds. The spoils of the late massacre were still in concealment, for it was not forgotten that Lord Dufferin had taken the head off a guilty pasha and meted out condign punishment to other murderers. The memory of that strong man was still a terror to evil-doers. (Why do we send weaklings to Turkey?)

Through friends, however, we got access to several stores of gold-embroidered fabrics and costly oriental robes that had been torn from Christian ladies, and Leighton returned to his hotel laden with costumes and cloths of silver and gold of the greatest artistic value.

Our most ardent search, however, was for Persian *faience*. I had discovered the site of the ancient pottery kilns at Damascus, where the inimitable *kishani* wares had been baked. These consisted of tiles and plates and long-necked jars with blue ground and white flowers, and during the spare hours of a few weeks Leighton was able to lay the foundation of his fine collection. I picked up one of the handsomest dishes in the collection for a mere trifle. It looked so fresh and perfect that I could not believe it was genuine, and when I discovered that it was worth its weight in gold, I could not find the man from whom I bought it.

The tiles on the walls of the oriental kiosk erected by Leighton are all Damascus ware, and some of the sets which were imperfect when I bought them have been cleverly completed by meritorious imitations. I procured the coloured glass windows that adorn the kiosk from a mosque in Damascus, and these have also been supplemented and matched by coloured glass made in London. My own private collection found a fitting resting-place in the President's studio.

Leighton's linguistic powers were often tested in Damascus. As he could not learn Arabic well, he would not begin the study; but our hunt for curios brought us among heterogeneous peoples, and often when I had failed to make myself understood through any of the Syrian tongues, he was able to carry on a dialogue through some local Italian, Spanish, or Dutch dialect, and I am informed that he has delivered as polished orations in Italian and German as any with which he delighted his guests at the Academy banquets.

Leighton worked hard in Damascus, and sketched many of the most striking objects in the Great Mosque and around the city, but he was ever on the outlook for points of female beauty.

We called on a Greek who had some old Persian enamels for sale, but the artist was so struck with points of beauty in the Greek's daughter that he lost all interest in the enamels, and after weary negotiations and much backshish, he succeeded in painting the swan-like curve of her neck and the tapering hand with a dainty dimple in the wrist. In later years I recognised the Greek dimple in the exquisite picture "Wedded."

Leighton never forgot a friend, and when he heard that I was coming to London, he made assurance doubly sure by writing a letter which was more a revelation of his kindness of heart than an accurate diagnosis of my good qualities. On coming to London, I was much in his studio, but latterly I ceased to go often, as I saw how much he was overburdened with ceremonial and official duties, as well as by his own artistic work. There were two sets of people without mercy to the President.

By a personage in very high position he was asked to paint a fire-screen. He tried again and again with paltry results, and after losing much time he told the great lady he had failed to carry out her wishes, and begged permission to send her a picture instead. I witnessed the relief with which he got from under the burden by painting a little stable-child with cheeks like rosy apples.

I remember one of the other set, a hack-painter extracting a promise from the over-burdened President that he would go and look at his picture. As he said to me afterwards, having secured the promise, that he hoped the visit would be productive of a good word from Leighton on the hanging day, and then he confided to me, a stranger, that the President was no artist, and that his smooth surfaces would not last.

Leighton always urged me to say what I thought of his pictures as I saw them growing. "Criticise, for if there is anything wrong to your eye, it is wrong," and on more than one occasion he made slight changes on my suggestion. I reminded him of his refusal at Damascus to look at a criticism of his pictures in the *Athenæum*. "Yes," he replied, "but you are not an art critic, and have no absurd canons to enforce." I remember once, pointing to what I thought a defect in "Wedded," just before it was varnished. The dimpled wrist and the white skin of the neck merged into each other as seen from a distance, and he added at my suggestion a little shading which brought out the hand more distinctly.

Leighton was greatly engrosseed in his pictures as they grew. We were sitting at lunch one day in the studio, Captain Burton being of the party, when Leighton started up suddenly, and rushing at the canvas of the Daphnephoria, added a little high colour to a flower, and then returned, begging everybody's pardon. The Daphnephoria was painted on an enormous canvas about twenty feet long, and contained thirty figures. It was in finishing this great picture (I think) that Leighton experienced a difficulty which I have never seen referred to. When the picture was almost completed he became dissatisfied with so much white gauze drapery and resolved to add a blue pattern to some of it, but when he began to put little blue flowers into it, the beautiful folds disappeared, and it was only after hard and anxious toil that he succeeded in restoring the folds.

The painting of Burton was a memorable event. Leighton wished to do justice to the great rugged head, but Burton

would look up with a face contorted almost beyond recognition, and with mock gravity, implore the artist to make him nice. Burton's portrait was, I think, the best ever executed by the President.

When Leighton was giving the finishing touches to the hair and shoulders of a nude woman who was looking out on a blue sea, I said, "We" (meaning the critics) "will be down on you for this." "I have made a beautiful thing," he replied, "and you may fasten your dirty ideas on it if you choose, but there is not a suggestion of indecency in the composition." Nor was there.

Leighton's art was depreciated as "decorative" by artists who had nothing of Leighton's natural ability, and little of his experience as a student and a traveller. In ardent faith, in depth of conviction, and especially in the power of incessant hard work, Leighton was above all his fellow-craftsmen. His artistic instincts based on his general sense of beauty appeared through hard work in the linguist, orator, painter, and sculptor.

Everyone is familiar with the handsome face and figure of the President—a cross between Jupiter and Apollo; but it is not generally known that the charm of his mind was nobler still. And whether working out *idealistic* or *romantic* or *classical* ideals, the noble lines and pure colours were the expression of pure and noble thoughts.

NEW BOOKS.

A HISTORY OF NINETEENTH CENTURY LITERATURE.*

Whatever else may be said of Prof. Saintsbury's volume, it is at least a remarkable intellectual feat. A little more than two years ago, we are told in the preface, he took over "from hands worthier than mine, but then more occupied," a task, the fulfilment of which all students of modern English literature had for nearly a decade been awaiting with impatience, tempered by a sense of its immense difficulty. Within that time he has produced what, if not yet the ideal history of the immensely rich literature of the last hundred and fifteen years, is yet extraordinarily learned, extraordinarily independent, clear as daylight, and honest to a fault. There are other living critics and historians, we will frankly admit, from whom we would rather have had a history of nineteenth century literature than from Mr. Saintsbury; but half of them would never have undertaken it, and half the remainder would have died before it was done. No other living man of letters, it is hardly rash to affirm, would—and very few could—have produced so good a book so soon; and so urgently was it needed that Mr. Saintsbury might well meet any charge of precipitancy with a *Bis dat qui cito dat*, if only in the Burghleian sense that the more hastily it was done the sooner it would have to be done again. As it is, there is provocation enough to the adventurous; but it arises, it is fair to say, less from negligence than from method; and not a little also from the inexorable limits of space, to which even so practised a manipulator does not always accommodate his processions of prolific authors without some disturbance of the line, some huddling at the close, some odd assortments and abrupt transitions.

The arrangement of the book is a judicious compromise between chronological and systematic sequence. Two groups of three chapters each deal with the earlier and later phases of poetry, fiction, and critical prose, single chapters being interposed or appended upon history, philosophy and theology, scholarship and science, and drama. By far the most important intrinsically is that upon the poetry of the first generation of the century. Almost all the poets here reviewed have been more or less adequately written of before; but no such tableau of the whole imposing and brilliant movement has yet been given. Objection may no doubt be taken to the plan of marshalling this vast body, or the greater part of them, in descending orders of merit, a plan which necessarily severs some kindred and associates some aliens, and in general obscures the continuous evolution of the whole movement. Something is lost, for instance, by detaching Hogg and Cunningham and the other Scottish balladists from Scott, Hunt from Keats, Beddoes from Shelley, even Bowles from Coleridge. And the classes themselves are, in two or three cases, determined with a curious air of arbitrariness. It is at least odd to find Southey enrolled among the "seven immortals," and Landor permitted only, like Ben Adhem, to lead the "second class," particularly when we are told just afterwards that he is "equal to the least in the first."

Even more than his two previous volumes of literary history, the present illustrates two salient characteristics of its writer. He is before all things a critic, rather than a historian; and a critic of the form of literature in a far more eminent degree than of its substance. He is, or until recently was, a busy and a brilliant reviewer; and many sections of this history have the method and the merit of reviews. Discussion and judgment are so much more easy and natural to him than narrative, that the unprepared reader is apt to be put off with the verdict without being in possession of the case. How far biography is needful in literary history may be a moot question, and there is at any rate hardly a more difficult task than to give in a short space both the facts and the spirit of a man's life; but Mr. Saintsbury's biographies, though accurate enough, are apt to be rather perfunctory, and are at least much inferior in sympathy and insight to his criticism. He has been compared to Ste. Beuve; but the comparison, if we mistake not, holds chiefly in regard to a certain combination of sanity and enthusiasm, of classical and romantic sensibility, which enables him, for example, in this volume, to claim unwonted honours for Southey while bating nothing of the established praise of Shelley. As to Ste. Beuve's critical methods, of that refined and sympathetic study of the subtle interworkings of inner and outer life, of psychology and physiology—all that side of Ste. Beuve, in short, which Taine developed and exaggerated—this has very slight attraction for Mr. Saintsbury. He is rather prone to draw a peremptory distinction between the life and the genius, particularly where, as in Shelley's case, he regards them with opposite emotions. "Little need be said," we are told, "of Shelley's character. If it had not been for the disgusting efforts of his maladroit admirers to blacken that, not merely of his hapless young wife, but of everyone with whom he came in contact, it might be treated with the extremest indulgence." Then, after a few sentences more, he proceeds: "But in pure literary estimation we need take no note of this." And there follows a page or two of admirable and felicitous appreciation to which the most intimate and critical student of Shelley cannot take exception. We are not here concerned to discuss the above sentences—merely to insist that they belong to a distinct and much lower critical level, and point, with many similar indications, to that inequality in ripeness and insight, at which we have ventured to hint, between Mr. Saintsbury's criticism of literature and his "criticism of life." At the risk of discourtesy we will go further and suggest that his view of character often seems to bear the stamp of that little recognised kind of provincialism which consists in standing on the beaten track and ignoring the byways—making the commonplace an ideal, and depressing the ideal into a "fad." The rare and exceptional characters, the heretics and the "unorthodox" of every kind, do not easily prosper with him. Let them bring a supreme gift of song with them, and all goes well; but without this talisman, or if the gift, however genuine, has manifest flaws and scars, their vagaries are likely to tell heavily against them, even in the literary balance. Ebenezer Elliott, for instance, is a poet whom Mr. Saintsbury rather forgives than commends; and he expresses a needless irritation at the crudities scattered plentifully enough through his work. Surely a sentence like this shows a curious inability to "focus" a poet of Elliott's type: "How a man who could write 'The Wonders of the Lane'

* "A History of Nineteenth Century Literature." By George Saintsbury. (Macmillan.)

and 'The Dying Boy to the Sloe Blossom,' could stoop to malignant drivel about 'palaced worms,' 'this syllabub-throated logician,' and so forth, is strange enough to understand, especially as he had no excuse of personal suffering." Perhaps, to a sensitive nature, the sufferings of thousands of his countrymen might be an "excuse" not very much worse.

Such passages make it not difficult to understand the relative eminence here—as hinted above—of the criticism of literary form. Mr. Saintsbury is one of the most accomplished of living students of style; but his treatment of the development and filiation of the ideas, motives, and subject matter in general, stands on a much lower level. It may be said that these are no parts of a history of literature. Such an objection has a certain plausibility when applied to the history of an age of imaginative art, such as the Elizabethan, in which an infinitely greater interest belongs, on the whole, to the workings of individual craft and faculty, than to the currents of the relatively simple intellectual world which they faintly and fitfully reflect. But in the nineteenth century, literature and speculation, poetry and thought, have, for better or worse, drawn nearer than they ever were before; vast and complicated movements of ideas have not only found their choicest, and often their most resonant and persuasive organ, in verse, but have modified in a thousand subtle ways the impulses of literary expression itself. Matthew Arnold's definition of poetry as the "criticism of life" has been blamed, with justice, by almost everyone who has discussed it; but the very fact that such a definition could be advanced, as his last word, by one of our first critics and poets, warns us at least how inextricably interwoven in the literature of his century the two things are which he identified—especially in that part of it which preceded him. Mr. Saintsbury, however, as has been said, takes a different view. The reader must not, therefore, expect to get an even approximately adequate picture of the intellectual movements of the century, even where their share in controlling or organising the play of literary forces has been most momentous.

We could have wished, for instance, for some attempt to get behind such vague and even equivocal formulas as "Romanticism," and the "Return to Nature." A book which, like *Sartor*, for the first time revealed the inner spirit of Romanticism to the higher minds of England, is rather cursorily put by as "a fantastic autobiography." The late T. H. Green is passed over with a line, in virtue chiefly of his difficult style, while Hamilton, "the hideousness of whose dialect is a melancholy fact," receives an extended notice; yet few would now hesitate to give the palm, both as a thinker and a writer, to Green, whom half the rising philosophers of England regard as their master, and who has left, in the *Prolegomena* and elsewhere, passages of a grave, close-knitted eloquence, penetrated with ethical passion, to which, of their kind, nothing in earlier English philosophic literature approaches.

These (and many more of the kind) may seem trifling points. We mention them only as illustrations of the direction in which Mr. Saintsbury's book does appear to us to be inadequate, not so much from negligence as from method. Apart from these limitations its merits must be reckoned very high. Almost every page is strewn, if not exactly with facts, yet with comments more or less felicitous holding facts in solution. The execution may here and there be hasty, but the haste is that of one pouring out long-stored treasures, not disgorging recent acquisitions. In the higher regions of literature, at least, full justice is almost always done. No student of Wordsworth, of Coleridge, of Tennyson, of Browning, of Shelley, of Carlyle, of Ruskin, of the Rossettis will complain that Mr. Saintsbury's praise of them, in their strictly literary aspects, lacks exaltation; no one else need complain that it is indiscriminate. Even those who, like Keats, Landor, George Eliot, Mrs. Browning, receive, we must think, less than their meed, are discussed with admirable suggestiveness.

C. H. HERFORD

ROBERT BURNS.*

When the centenary of the birth of Robert Burns took place on 25th January, 1859, a perfect flood of Burnsiana inundated the literary world. New editions of the poet's works, by more or less competent annotators, became an almost weekly occurrence. New biographies were written to expose old scandals or invent fresh calumnies. Burns Clubs sprang up wherever Scotsmen gathered—that is, throughout the habitable world; and the mania spread like a virulent epidemic. In the course of time this fever passed away, but now, when the centenary of the death of Burns occurs in this present year of grace, we are threatened with another outbreak of Burnsomania. A new generation has arisen in the interim, and industrious local antiquaries have been diligently collecting "unconsidered trifles" concerning the poet wherewith they may deluge the unsuspecting youth of our day. Already quite a host of books by Burns and about Burns teem on the publishers' shelves or flaunt in their catalogues; and the hapless critics who have the task in view of wading through these multitudinous "books that are no books" may anticipate many a bad quarter-of-an-hour. If one were sure that these works would have a tithe of the merit of Mr. Wallace's new edition of Chambers's standard "Life and Works of Robert Burns," the anticipation of their advent would not be so terrifying. For Chambers's book, which was first published in the middle of this century, effaced all the biographies that had preceded it, and has held its place as the best life of the poet that has yet been published. As for its predecessors, they may be dismissed very briefly. The first serious attempt at a biography of Burns was made by Dr. Currie, a native of Dumfriesshire, who had accidentally met the poet shortly before the death of the latter, and had become an enthusiastic admirer of his genius. With the philanthropic purpose of providing funds to assist the poet's destitute family, the good-natured doctor brought out an edition of the poems in 1800, prefixing a memoir in which, unfortunately, he included much dubious scandal and gossip that later writers have adopted and intensified. The next important biography was that published by John Gibson Lockhart, in 1828, which is more remarkable for the fine spirit of criticism which it displays than for original research for biographical details. Allan Cunningham's life of Burns, in his edition of the poems, was good enough to call forth the commendation of Carlyle; but it left much to be desired. To Robert Chambers, therefore, belongs the honour of having first undertaken the production of a biography that would be both accurate and exhaustive; and he had spent years in its preparation before he published it in 1851. Even at that date—fifty-five years after the poet's death—there was much material collected by Chambers that could not be published without giving offence; but, like a discreet antiquary, he carefully preserved his papers, knowing that the time would come when these would prove of great value. That time has now arrived, and the task of revising and amending the text, and utilising these documents, has been undertaken by Mr. William Wallace, than whom it would be difficult to find a more competent editor.

The first edition of Chambers's "Life and Works of Robert Burns" consisted of four volumes, with about 360 pages in each volume. Chambers had early seen that few poets more completely live in their works than Robert Burns does, and he had conceived the idea of making the poems illustrate the life before Allan Cunningham had put that notion in practice. It was in this form that he cast his biography, and he has since had a disciple and imitator in the late William Scott Douglas. Much may be said in favour of this plan, and not a little may be urged against it. For instance, the biographer assumes the very difficult duty of deciding the exact chronology of many of the amorphous love-songs which Burns dashed off in a moment of happy inspiration; and as he did not scruple to alter the names of the heroines to suit successive sweethearts, this becomes a very arduous task, and may lead to dangerous theorising. But in this respect Dr. Chambers was extremely careful, and Mr. Wallace is even more cautious. And the fact that

* "Life and Works of Robert Burns." Edited by Robert Chambers, revised by William Wallace. In four volumes, 7s. 6d. per. vol. (W. and R. Chambers, Ltd.)

Chambers has rarely been convicted of error, and never of deliberate misstatement, is surely strong proof of the value of his work. Fifty-five years elapsed between the death of Burns and the publication of this biography, and now it has been subjected to forty-five years of criticism without its authoritativeness being greatly impaired or even seriously challenged.

The most remarkable characteristic of this fresh edition of Chambers's work is the modesty of the new editor. There are two ways in which the work of revision may be accomplished—the text may be left intact, and the reviser may pose as a discoverer in footnotes, thus displaying himself as a superior person to the original writer; or the text may be expanded by the incorporation of new matter which the first writer would have used had circumstances permitted. Mr. Wallace has chosen the latter form, with the result that only those who take the trouble to compare the former edition with the present can have any adequate idea of the labour Mr. Wallace has bestowed upon the work. An arithmetical calculation may afford some notion of it. The first volume of Chambers's edition contains 362 pages, while the first volume of the new edition, covering exactly the same period in the poet's life, has 492 pages, and these contain many footnotes in small type, besides elaborate appendices. There is, in short, an utter absence of attitudinising on Mr. Wallace's part. He has made very valuable discoveries regarding some of the obscure incidents in the poet's life, but he never challenges the applause of his readers by coming before the curtain to extract their approbation. In this blatant and self-advertising age such modesty is as highly commendable as it is rare.

The excellence of Mr. Wallace's method is made apparent in the first pages of his volume. Chambers began his biography by giving extracts from the well-known autobiographical letter written by the poet to Dr. John Moore, the novelist—father of the hero of Corunna—in August, 1787, which has been utilised by nearly every biographer of Burns. Mr. Wallace does better, for he supplies many passages which Chambers excised, and some of these are important as bearing on the poet's career. The very disputed question of the ancestry of Burns is fully explained by Mr. Wallace, and he brings to bear upon it the results of the latest researches—results which, of course, were not available for Dr. Chambers. Still more important is the long passage regarding the theological attitude of Burns which Mr. Wallace has interpolated before the "Epistle to John Goldie." Chambers evidently did not feel himself at liberty to speak plainly on a subject that was controversial in his time, and he had not the same fulness of information about Burns's religious training as is now possible. After a careful examination of the theological literature which Burns read, Mr. Wallace points out that the poet, while striving to throw off the yoke of the ultra-Calvinists, or "Auld Lichts," whom he satirised severely, was unwilling to become a slave to the altered but still irksome bondage imposed by the "New Lichts." He sums up the whole matter in a few pregnant sentences:—

"Burns is not to be written down Arminian, Socinian, Pelagian, without qualification. The consciousness of the living presence of God in nature was always stronger in him than any theory of redemption. An intellectual sceptic, he was not really interested in theological dogma, though moral and emotional causes preserved in him certain relics of more or less interdependent doctrines."

There can be little doubt that, so far as religion was concerned, Burns was a character much rarer in his time than in our own—a mixture of orthodoxy and heterodoxy that defied classification, and indignantly resented the affixing of a theological label.

The episode of "Highland Mary" has long been a puzzle to the students of Burns. Dr. Chambers did what he could by personal research to discover the whole romantic story; and since his time much important information has been obtained in various quarters. Up till quite recently it was the unanimous opinion of the admirers of Burns that Mary Campbell was a girl of spotless reputation, "the white rose," as Professor Nichol calls her, in Burns's life, the worthy subject of one of the most impassioned elegies in the English language. It was not until the Rev. Eric Robertson contributed a paper to the *Burns Chronicle* for 1893 on the subject that the slightest whisper of scandal against this girl was heard. Unfortunately Mr. G. A. Aitken, in his memoir prefixed to the Aldine edition of Burns published in that year, adopted the views of Mr. Robertson, and perpetuated a baseless slander. Mr. Wallace, happily, has been able, at the cost of considerable trouble, to demolish triumphantly the air-built theories of the Rev. Eric Robertson and his follower. He has shown that the Mary Campbell whom they sought to identify with the Highland Mary of the poet, was a girl of evil reputation, whose character must have been well known to Burns, and whom he never could have addressed in the glowing terms used by him.

These references so far have only shown how Mr. Wallace has supplemented Dr. Chambers's biographical details. There are other points which might be alluded to; such as his indication for the first time of a purpose of marriage betwixt Burns and Elizabeth Paton; his narrative of the poet's life in Mauchline; and his clear and intelligible account of the involved relations of Burns with the Armour family. But not less valuable are Mr. Wallace's explanatory notes upon the poems. Here he has far excelled any previous annotator. Take, for instance, his notes on "The Brigs o' Ayr." He shows that at the time the poem was written the New Brig was so far from completion that Burns could only have described it from a drawing, and he acutely suggests that the master of works, who was a friend of the poet, may have shown the design, and also told Burns of the weakness of the foundations, thus enabling the poet to become a prophet. Mr. Wallace has avoided the awkwardness of a separate glossary, and has printed his English equivalents for Scotticisms in the margin. The volume is illustrated by an etched frontispiece from a drawing by C. Martin Hardie, R.S.A., giving the scene of the poem "Mary Morison," and by heliogravures from pictures by the same artist and by R. B. Nisbet, A.R.S.A., and George Pirie. From the promise afforded by the first volume, it is safe to anticipate that the centenary of Burns's death will be made memorable by the production of an edition of his life and works really worthy of the poet's fame.

A. H. MILLAR.

MR. A. C. BENSON'S ESSAYS.*

"It is merely manner." These, or equivalent words of apology, we have often heard applied to a really worthy and admirable person who, nevertheless, has some weakness or defect which is not immediately attractive; and there is some need for their use in the case of Mr. A. C. Benson. There is something in his critical work which is a little—or more than a little—irritating; and therefore it is well that intending readers of a thoughtful and interesting volume should be warned of its existence, and informed that it is in all probability "merely manner." In his preface Mr. Benson explicitly repudiates the "affectation of fastidious superiority," but there are not a few passages in the volume which somehow take the pith out of the repudiation, and make us feel that we are in the presence of one who is condescending to our lowly intellectual estate. When, in writing about John Hales, he gravely explains that "the celebrated Mermaid Club" was "so called from the tavern of that name in Friday Street," this condescension exasperatingly crystallise itself; but elsewhere there is a strong solution of superiority. For example, here are two or three sentences from the essay on William Blake:

"Blake has had, we say, his admirers and his detractors, but he has never had a critic. Rossetti, Mr. Swinburne, Gilchrist Ellis, Yeats, they are sympathetic, appreciative, instructive, Given the admiration for Blake, they are the most delicate of commentators; but they are none of them critical. . . . The object of this essay will be to criticise."

Merely manner, no doubt, but could any manner be more unfortunate? Could any tone adopted by a critic have less of a winning persuasive quality? It would be unfair in a brief notice to emphasise thus a single weakness were it not likely to lie as an obstacle in the way of well-deserved appreciation. For the truth is that Mr. Benson has given

* "Essays." By Arthur Christopher Benson. (London: William Heinemann.)

us an excellent book — a book rendered interesting throughout by freshness, discrimination, sympathy, and not infrequently by delicately felicitous phrasing. He is, we think, specially happy in dealing with the personalities who live in the cool shadow of leisured memory rather than in the fierce light of popular fame—such men as John Hales, Earles, "the minute philosopher," Henry More, the Platonist, and Vincent Bourne, immortalised in Lamb's eulogy—"What a sweet, unpretending, pretty-mannered, *matterful* creature!" In these papers Mr. Benson is perhaps at his best; but the essays on four more or less recent poets—Keble, Mrs. Browning, Miss Rossetti, and Mr. Gosse—are full of that capable criticism which makes dissent from any special judgment a matter for respectful hesitation rather than for self-confident assertion.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

BROWNING STUDIES.*

Mr. Berdoe considers that the "treatment meted out to Robert Browning for half a century" was a great disgrace to English criticism. We are not concerned to defend English criticism, particularly fifty years ago, nor will we demur to this fiery statement, but we will add on our own account that the treatment meted out to Robert Browning these last fourteen years reflects no particular credit upon the Browning Society. The subsequent adulation is almost as preposterous as the previous neglect. Browning was in need of no societies to do him justice, and this volume is a monument to the folly which possessed many good, honest people for fourteen years. It is a compilation of articles by various hands, "authors," says Mr. Berdoe, "whose reputation sufficiently guarantees their importance." Thus, Miss E. D. West writes upon "one aspect of Browning's villains"; Hiram Corson, LL.D., discusses "the idea of personality as embodied in Robert Browning's poetry"; while the Rev. J. G. Graham, M.A.Oxon, essays "the wife-love and friend-love of Robert Browning." It is all very harmless but it is all something ridiculous. By such means are great men dragged into disrepute. It is a pity to give the Gentiles the occasion to mock. We all admire Browning, though we probably do not all consider him, with Mr. Berdoe, "the greatest English poet since Shakespeare." Why not let him alone, or, if you must have your Browning Society, worry at the poet in private? Mr. Berdoe threatens that if "the general appreciation of these Selected Papers warrant it, a second series will follow in due course." We hasten, therefore, to add that we don't think it will be needed.

WILLIAM CARLETON.†

William Blake expounds the history of inspiration by a very curious and obscure symbol. A lark, he says, mounts upward into the heart of the heavens, and there is met by another and descending lark, which touches its wings to its wings; and he would have us understand, if I remember the passage and its context rightly—for I have not the prophetical book "Milton" by me—that man attains spiritual influence in like fashion. He must go on perfecting earthly power and perception until they are so subtilised that divine power and divine perception descend to meet them, and the song of earth and the song of heaven mingle together. Every literary current and tradition goes, I believe, through something like this development, coming only very late to its Shelleys and Wordsworths. Whether Irish prose literature be or be not to-day awaiting the celestial lark, and though no living Irish romance writer, with the exception of Mr. Standish O'Grady, has anything of Carleton's genius, it is certainly much more subtle, much more spiritual than before. The author of "The Traits and Stories" was not an artist, as those must needs be who labour with spiritual essences, but he was what only a few men have ever been or can ever be, the creator of a new imaginative world, the demiurge of a new tradition. He had no predecessors, for Miss Edgeworth wrote by preference of that section of Irish society which is, as are the upper classes everywhere, the least national of all, and was, as the upper classes have seldom been anywhere, ashamed of even the little it had of national circumstance and character; and when she did take a man out of the Gaelic world and put into his mouth the immortal "Memoirs of the Rackrent Family," it was a poor man living in great men's houses, and not a poor man at his hearth and among his children. She could not have done otherwise, for she was born and bred among persons who knew nothing of the land where they were born, and she had no generations of historians, Gaelic scholones, and folk-lorists behind her, from whom to draw the symbols of her art. Carleton, on the other hand, came from the heart of Gaelic Ireland, and found there the symbols of his art. His description of his peasant father and mother in this unique autobiography would alone prove how strange a race had at length found a voice, and how potent and visionary a power had begun in the world's literature. His father, he writes, "was unrivalled" "as a narrator of old tales, legends, and historical anecdotes," "and his stock of them was inexhaustible. He spoke the Irish and English languages with equal fluency. With all kinds of charms, old ranns, or poems, old prophecies, religious superstitions, tales of pilgrims, miracles and pilgrimages, anecdotes of blessed priests and friars, revelations from ghosts and fairies, he was thoroughly acquainted." In a later part of the book he tells of his father's supernatural terrors, and of his continual praying, often with a "round rod, about as thick as the upper end of a horse-whip," under his knees for a penance. His mother "possessed the sweetest and most exquisite of voices; in her early life I have often been told by those who have heard her sing, that any previous intimation of her presence at a wake, dance, or other festive occasion, was sure to attract crowds of persons, many from a distance of several miles, in order to hear from her lips the touching old airs of the country." "Her family had all been imbued with a poetical spirit, and some of her immediate ancestors composed in the Irish tongue several fine old songs and airs, just as Carolan did—that is, some in praise of a patron or a friend and others to celebrate rustic beauties who had been long sleeping in the dust. For this reason she had many old compositions that were peculiar to her family." "I think her uncle, and I believe her grandfather, who were long dead before my time, were the authors of several Irish poems and songs." "Perhaps there never lived a human being capable of giving the Irish cry or *keen* with such exquisite effect or of pouring into its wild notes a spirit of such irresistible pathos and sorrow. I have often been present when she has '*raised the keen*'—as it is called—over the corpse of some relative or neighbour, and my readers may judge of the melancholy charm which accompanied this expression of her sympathy when I assure them that the general clamour of violent grief was gradually diminished by admiration, until it became ultimately hushed, and no voice was heard but her own wailing, in sorrowful but solitary beauty."

I have quoted these passages at length because they show more than anything how this strange Gaelic race lives between two worlds, the world of its poverty, and a world of wild memories and of melancholy, beautiful imaginations. Carleton lived only just in time to describe its manners and customs as they had been left by centuries of purely Gaelic influence, for the great famine changed the face of Ireland, and from that day a hundred influences which are not Gaelic began to mould them anew. His autobiography describes the actual wakes and faction fights and conspiracies and hedge schools and pilgrimages out of which he fashioned the half imaginary adventures of the "Traits and Stories," and describes them not as one who observes with the philosophic indifference of the historian, but with the moving sympathy of one who has himself mourned and conspired and learnt and taught and gone on pilgrimage, and to whom all these things seem natural and inevitable. He also lived between two worlds, and has set down here the story of a love which touched the very height of passion, and which in old age was still the greatest of his memories, though he and his beloved never spoke, but only gazed at each other on the "chapel green"; and to him also this solid world and its laws seemed somewhat of

* "Browning Studies." Being select papers by members of the Browning Society. Edited, with an Introduction, by Edward Berdoe. (George Allen).

† "The Life of William Carleton." (Downey and Co.)

a shadow and a dream; so much so indeed that when more than nineteen years old and able to talk Latin like English, he was so greatly excited by a folk-tale of a priest who saved himself from drowning by walking on the water that he resolved to try and walk on a pool in an old marl pit, and so be ready for any mischance. "After three days' fasting and praying for the power of not sinking in water, I stepped very quietly down to the pit, and after reconnoitring the premises, to be sure there was no looker-on, I approached the brink. . . . At the edge of the pit grew large water-lilies, with their leaves spread over the surface. . . . I am ashamed even now while writing this of the confidence I put for a moment in a treacherous water-lily, as its leaf lay spread so smoothly and broadly over the surface of the pond. . . . After having stimulated myself afresh with a *pater* and an *ave*, I advanced—my eyes turned up to heaven . . . my soul strong in confidence, I made a tremendous stride, planting my foot exactly in the middle of the treacherous water-lily leaf, and the next moment was up to my neck in the water."

The autobiography, the discovery of which we owe to its editor, Mr. O'Donohue, does not come beyond his youth and early manhood. The rest of his life is told, and told admirably, by Mr. O'Donohue, with the help of an immense correspondence which Carleton carried on with peasants in the country, and with journalists and men of letters in London and Dublin; but the interest of the book is necessarily in the earlier part. Even had Carleton lived to write it all with his own hand, it had hardly been otherwise, for the further we get from that strange, wild Gaelic life, the further we get from all that made Carleton a great voice in modern romance and the founder of Irish prose literature. The publisher has attached to the book a critical essay by Mrs. Cashel Hoey, which scarcely seems relevant or excellent in any way. Mrs. Cashel Hoey has, I understand, done much useful work, but she is not a critic; and it is only in Irish literature, which has always been at the mercy of the first comer—priest, leisured amateur, town councillor, member of parliament, or casual jack of all trades—that she would be set to so uncongenial a task. To treat in this way, so important a book as this, is to continue the tradition which has allowed much of the best work of Carleton to drop out of print, while absolute rubbish like "The Evil Eye," and readable but empty melodrama like "Willy Reilly," and dull moralising like "Paddy go Easy," are reprinted continually.

W. B. YEATS.

LONDON VISIONS.*

"Lusty life, her river pours
Along a road of shining shores.
The moon of August beams
Mild as upon her harvest slopes; but here
From man's full-breath'd, abounding earth
Exiled she walks, as one of alien birth,
The pale, neglected foster-mother of dreams;
For windows with resplendent stores
Along the pavement dazzle, and out-stare
The booths that front them; there,
To the throng which loiters by in laughing streams,
Babble the criers; and 'mid eager sounds
The flaming torches toss to the wind their hair,
And ruddy in trembling waves the light
Flushes cheeks of wondering boys."

This passage, perhaps as well as any other, shows Mr. Binyon's material and his attitude. He is a poet student of London life, who does not think his dreams of beautiful things and thoughts too superfine to keep company with actualities. Uncritical sympathy with the life around, and love for the ideal, which in London is seldom around, but always above or beyond, are not so commonly united as to fail to give distinction. In one of the poems there is an appeal to a woman on a desperate brink. A good many poets have called this one Sister, but not many so feelingly.

"Not first to-night invades thy spirit this wild
Despair, when loneliness stabs thee! Turned, thy face
Trembles, and soft hesitation makes thee a child,
The child thou wast in some far, forgotten place,
Amid things for ever rejected."

* "First Book of London Visions." By Lawrence Binyon. The Shilling Garland. No. 1. (Elkin Mathews.)

It is not so much pity as a sympathetic interpretation of the heart of the miserable, that appears here and in other like poems, and it has the comforting effect of the real tangible companionship that understands all and knows its helplessness to cure. An absence of sensation and an absence of argument are both marked. Mr. Binyon does not blacken the shadows or redden the glare. He does not stop to justify or to sentimentalise. He sees "destiny driving a crooked plough," the sun shining on the righteous and the unrighteous. Yet he is not the inhuman, impersonal artist merely. Human interest, and not merely artistic effect, you feel even in his picture of the convict in the shady suburban road—

"Warming him shone the indifferent noon;
And chestnut and thorn on his sleeping head
In the careless glory of June
Scattered their delicate blossom of white and red."

A gravity and gentleness of thought and feeling, warm sympathies, and a power of making us see pictures, mark all the twelve poems here. Gratitude may be expressed that he has not run to the now hackneyed music hall for his light and shade, but it should not end there. He has placed himself in rare harmony with sombre, pathetic, tragic London life. His words are quiet, his looks sincere, and his verse impresses us more than that of many stormier, more brilliant singers. We shall look with eagerness for his second book of Visions, though we need not expect it to contain anything more beautiful than that London night-song, "The Sleepers":—

"I have no counsel; I know not why
In your breasts the arrows burning lie;
I cannot heal your hurts, nor take
The sharp iron out of souls that ache.
O yet, as I watch, the lashes close
A little, the eyes their lids dispose;
. . . . . .
And now on wings the sorrows flee
From the happy sleepers, hither to me.
. . . . . .
Feed on my heart, that is open and bare.
Feed your fill, sorrow and care."

THE WOOD OF THE BRAMBLES.*

If you had lived at the time and in the country of the Wexford Rising, had seen a good deal of it at very close quarters, been hustled about by both sides, warmly sympathised with neither, and not been in the secret councils of the leaders, your idea of the whole business would have been remarkably like the picture here presented by Mr. Mathew. In this sense it is very much like a contemporaneous record. The effect, of course, is confusion, and if you want a plain, straightforward story, "The Wood of the Brambles" is not for your case. But if you can enjoy the carrying out of a complicated method of fiction, which forbids any regular plot, but allows ample opportunity for the delineation of character, we recommend the book to you with full assurance.

There is another warning, however, which should be given. It is an Irish story published in England, but not specially addressed to English readers. Very little, if any, of the recent Irish fiction has had them, their likings, their prejudices, and their possible friendship, so little in view. Miss Barlow, Mrs. Hinkson, and Mr. O'Brien—very dissimilar writers, of course, but all having won the popular ear—intentionally or not, appealed to us by qualities and by attitudes to which we are never insensible, by evidence of Irish tenderness, domestic affection, and geniality, by the charm of the heart and of the manners. "Every Irishman," said Sir Tim [a very entertaining but indiscreet personage in the book before us] "is a good fellow at heart, though, if you were to go by our conduct, you would frequently doubt it." The saying marks the difference between Mr. Mathew's Ireland and that of recent novelists. Theirs may be innocently bowdlerised; his is recklessly careless of English opinion. He wishes to ingratiate none. His own countrymen will know how to read it, and so will others if they have some humour and an appreciation of the foibles of

* "The Wood of the Brambles." By Frank Mathew. (Lane. 6s.)

human nature. But to read "The Wood of the Brambles" without these is to be saddened and irritated. Cruelty and incapability, and confusion, and misunderstanding, and cynicism, and vanity, are all on the path you travel on your way through it; and for your comfort you had best have an eye and an ear for the fun, the delicious absurdities, the occasional tender and unostentatious beauty. These are there; but from first page to last there is nothing sentimental, and the tears for "poor ould Ireland" will be missed by many.

Sir Dominic, the teller of the tale, is a young man to whom Fortune is unkind, but you never feel he deserves much glory or success, for he allows himself in love and war to be played with, and we are more interested in every one else. Mr. Mathew, in his original way, introduces us to folks that never appeared in an Irish novel before. He claims for Irishmen that they may not merely be hard to understand, but that they may be complicated. Hence the rector; and Theophilus, too, with his magnificent vanity, his poetical fancies, his doctrinaire revolutionarism, and his cynicism. But one, Sir Tim, is not new; he is the incarnation of the old Irish humour, absurd, mad, irrepressible, irresponsible, and Mr. Mathew uses him valiantly in his purpose of disarming us of that rather patronising attitude of pity with which the most sympathetic of English readers are wont to regard his country.

HISTORICAL ESSAYS.*

The gathering up of the fragments of the prodigal feast which Dr. Lightfoot afforded in his lifetime, is proving no light nor quickly accomplished task to the Trustees. The present volume presents a somewhat novel aspect of the late Bishop's researches. None of the essays contained in this volume is Biblical. Some indeed are "chips" from the work he so relished in connection with the second century; for we have here three lectures, originally delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, and depicting the Christian life of the second and third centuries. These, although written for a popular audience, contain passages of significance and beauty, here and there, as in the description of the catacombs, recalling the master in this species of writing, the late Dean Stanley. The subject which Bishop Lightfoot chose for his lectures to the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution surprises one still more, and suggests the range of his reading and interests. It is "England during the latter half of the thirteenth century"; and it is hard to say whether he shows himself most familiar with the architecture, the politics, or the school-men of the time. We may almost say "nihil tetigit quod non ornavit"; we may certainly say he lends interest to everything he handles. This is a volume which should make Bishop Lightfoot better known to the English public, and evoke a deeper interest in a scholar whose accuracy and range will be more and more fully acknowledged as one after another tries to follow him in any one of those directions in which he was pioneer.

MARCUS DODS.

MODERN WOMEN.

Fru Laura Marholm Hansson is a German lady of Norwegian extraction, the wife of Ola Hansson, a Swedish writer of reputation, and herself celebrated, according to her present translator, "for her literary criticisms and the beauty of her style." I would apologise to her admirers for stating what should be the very tritest information, but they must remember that I am writing in the language of one of the "two most unliterary countries in Europe"—Fru Hansson says so—and I cannot, therefore, assume a general knowledge of the state of literature in the more highly-favoured land of Sweden. Her studies of modern women, however, include some that even insular England has heard of and formed judgments on—Marie Bashkirtseff, Sonia Kovalevsky, Eleonora Duse, and George Egerton. English readers will come with some kind of preparation to her accounts of these celebrated persons, and I assure them that their time will not be wasted, nor will they miss entertainment the while. There is little evidence in this book of the soundness of her "literary criticisms," and none at all of the "beauty of her style," much of the writing being rhapsodically incoherent, and a good deal of that kind which, though practised among us, we disclaim responsibility for, dubbing it American journalese. Let us take these high gifts on trust, believing them to blossom everywhere else in Fru Hansson's writings except in "Modern Women," and hasten to acknowledge some rarer qualities.

It is really a most courageous little book, and courage, in bad cause or good, is worth grateful acknowledgment. In its main contentions—not at all in details—it is magnificently consistent. The writer stands in fighting attitude against the present age and its ideals for women, and I am not sure if any age, in the Western Hemisphere, at least, would subscribe in cold blood to her theory, though in hot practice they have sometimes come near it. A quite easy acceptance of her position at the present moment would only come from fools and libertines, and I cannot gather that she likes either. She is specially emphatic in her contempt of fools. A Nemesis may make her the founder of a cult in which they shall be the preponderating influence. But it is the superior woman she aims at drawing to her, and when she buttonholes this incarnation of intellect, or imagination, or moral force, it is to tell her, intellect is all very well, but its cultivation is folly; imagination is a beautiful thing, but quite useless unless stimulated by a lover; and moral force—well, it doesn't much matter about moral force at all, because, being a woman, she is relieved from all responsibility. The women she has chosen—there are two others besides those named above, Amalie Skram, a Swedish naturalist writer, and Fru Eggren-Leffler, also a Swedish novelist and a leader of the Woman's Right Movement—are worth examining. They include a really eminent mathematician, an actress of genius, and a painter of marvellous talent. The others are not exactly epoch-making, though it is Fru Hansson's opinion that "Key notes" "burst upon the world like the opening buds in spring, like the cherry-blossom after the first cold shower of rain." And all of them unhappy. They calculated, they wrote, they painted, they acted, and not one of them would have done anything of the kind if they had been wise, or fortunate enough to find someone on whom to shower the wealth of their affections. In this absurd book there is a great deal of shrewdness, and some knowledge of human nature better than shrewdness. She has picked out women with strongly emotional and irregular temperaments. The fact that they seemed to serve to illustrate her theory has done much, no doubt, to persuade her that they are the most influential women of the century. To the best of her ability she has striven to understand them, and up to the point of unsatisfied affection she has understood them, though she states her case in a very nauseous fashion. But for anything like systematic study, austere labour, she has a fierce distaste and contempt, probably the other side of an incapacity. And of the hunger and thirst of the intellect—quite as gnawing as the hunger and thirst of the heart, if rarer and more easily satisfied—she has not guessed the existence. Imagine Sonia Kovalevsky without her period of burning delight in using her clear brain, or Duse content to be one woman when she can wear herself out with being a score on the stage.

But do not rush to the conclusion that because woman has no destiny apart from man, and no imagination, or anything else worth speaking of, the book places man on a pedestal. Not at all: he is treated, on the contrary, in a rather insulting manner; he is called childish, comic, brutal, with very few exceptions. But that makes no difference at all, says Fru Hansson, in strict accordance with her creed that logic, coherence, reasonableness, are temptations of the devil to women's minds. Brains are at a discount here with her, and her book will be a most comforting morsel to the indolent, the flabby, the self-indulgent, the feeble among womankind who are indeed most unduly strained and hustled in this energetic age. To be told to sit down at ease, and let their minds and consciences go to sleep till someone appointed by Providence comes along to wake and be responsible for them, is the most soothing and con-

* "Historical Essays." By the late J. B. Lightfoot, D.D., D.C.L., LL.D., Lord Bishop of Durham. (Macmillan and Co.)

† "Modern Women." By Laura Marholm Hansson. Translated by Hermione Ramsden. (Lane.)

venient of counsels. But the perusal of Fru Hansson's words may drive others, who have not hitherto been fanatical on the importance of mental culture, to purchase a library of austere science, and give their days and nights to its study, assuring themselves that if they are committing one folly, they are excluding another of which they have an awful warning here, and declaring, very unreasonably, of course, but with the utmost conviction, that at least it is better to die in a desert than in a swamp. A. M.

A MONK OF FIFE.*

We doubt whether Mr. Lang's interest in romantic literature, and his conceivable ambition to be among its purveyors, are enough to account for the writing of "A Monk of Fife." As you read, you feel it is a pious act, the dedication of power and learning to the service of one who has struck his imagination with singular force, and enlisted for the glorification of her memory all the ardour of his nature. He has written as men used to paint pictures in a believing age. His story of the Maid, especially in its central incidents, follows likewise something of the conventions that were long observed in ecclesiastical art. A high spiritual subject cannot be duly perceived realistically, and not by all, if described in the tongue of our common thoughts. A thing apart has a language apart, and for the language apart he has chosen the language of an earlier day. This hampers a man for most purposes; but sometimes a right instinct guides to its adoption, as here. It has preserved, for his less imaginative readers, at least, the remote glory of Jeanne. His Jeanne is the fair saint of some mystical glass-painter, or some pious tapestry artist, not the peasant Jeanne whose uncouth, yet spiritual beauty, has been pathetically rendered by Bastien Lepage. The same instinct has produced the drawings of Mr. Selwyn Image, but in them convention has entirely ignored beauty.

Those who are familiar with Mr. Lang's free, quick, witty, everyday style, will be astonished at the exquisite, careful mosaic here, with its bright colour and its glittering fragments of gold, all wrought with a strict recognition of the limits of the art. Everything is lucid save the mysterious glamour of the Maid. Sometimes the figures are seen black and clearly lined as against a yellow sunset sky; sometimes richly coloured, with the sun of midday streaming through them. There is hardly a line too much anywhere.

A tribute should be paid to the learning of the book—and learning is no such superfluity in a historical romance as is commonly supposed. The great historical novelists have all written out of a full and intimate knowledge of the highroads and the byeways of the time they were representing, never finding a crowded memory choke their invention.

We have named in the first place the surprising and beautiful art of the book, because it sets it in a place apart, and then its evidence of zealous research, which has added greatly to our clear realization of an epoch; because these are its two chief distinctions. But as a story it takes a high place, too. We went back by the way to read passages over again for our pleasure; but we have seen others hurrying to the end, carried on by the narrative, by the fortunes, good and bad, of Norman Leslie, from his youthful escapade in Scotland, through his long, devoted service to the Maid—harassed, wounded, imprisoned for her sake, and with her at the end—till he finds rest in the Abbey of Pluscarden; by the black villainy of Noiroufle; by the gay loving-kindness of Elliot. The interest certainly never flags. Mr. Morris makes his poetical prose romances a little hard to read by keeping too much on the same level of dignity and remoteness. The Maid towers aloft here, with space for light around her. But in the corners of the picture are familiar incidents and personages playing their parts with homely realism. The contrast stimulates the attention, and helps the sense of proportion.

We take back one comment, and say, better even than the beauty of the workmanship, better than the story, are the clear airs in the book, the peace and light of a great purpose shown above the storm and stress of war.

* "A Monk of Fife. Being the Chronicle written by Norman Leslie of Pitcullo, concerning Marvellous Deeds that Befell in the Realm of France, in the Years of our Redemption, MCCCCXXIX-XXXI. Now first done into English out of the French by Andrew Lang." 6s. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

NOVEL NOTES.

THE SOWERS. By Henry Seton Merriman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

Mr. Merriman has never written an uninteresting or a commonplace novel. He is a student of mankind of a very earnest kind, and his observations run over a wide area. He knows men under many aspects and in many climates, while his changes of scene have invariably a purpose more interesting than the provision of new and picturesque backgrounds. Among the novelists in the second rank there are very few to-day who put more genuine ability and mental energy into their work. To a critic who thinks like this one thing about these stories must seem astounding—the extraordinary divergence between the worth of the narrative and the characters on the one hand, and of the general reflections, especially those of a satirical nature, on the other. In one place, and the novelist's right place, of course, he is original, independent, forcible; in the other, he attains to a cheap, ill-tempered smartness which is entirely unworthy of him. If when Mr. Merriman is feeling indignant he would not snap out a reflection, but incorporate his discontent in a personage, all would come right. For his characters are not often cheaply made, not even the cheap ones; they are mostly embodied truths, whilst his satire otherwise expressed is either unveracious or so trite as not to be worth mentioning. But this is more than enough adverse criticism of a book so excellently written, and of such interesting materials as "The Sowers"; indeed "The Sowers" is no worse in this respect than earlier stories. It is a tale of the life of to-day in Russia. The hero, half Russian, half English, Prince Paul Howard Alexis, idealist and practical man, seeks no better than to devote his life and fortune to the improvement of the peasants on his estate. They are incredibly ignorant, wretched, sunk beyond all hope of regeneration, save to the eye of faith. Alexis has no pretty theories about them, knows many of them to be beasts, and ungrateful beasts, too, and he never deceives himself with a hope of moral results in his lifetime. Food and doctoring are the only needs to be thought of; but as prince he dare not minister to these, and so he leads a dual life. To the peasants he is the callous aristocrat; they do not recognise him in their faithful friend, the Moscow doctor. When he is discovered he can only work for them at a distance. Alexis is the impersonation of an attitude towards humanity rather than a man, but not a few readers will regard him as even more living than the wide-awake, faithful, astute, and very human Steinmetz. Indeed, it is the figure of Alexis that raises the book so far above the level of its neighbours, with which it competes in other ways, in the sensational story, for instance, of the Prince's marriage with the woman who had betrayed his friends and his cause to the government, in the treacherous career of de Chauxville, and the combat of wits between the dishonest diplomatist and the honest one, de Chauxville and Steinmetz. These things make the book lively, but the lively pages will be forgotten long before the stolid, patient figure of Paul the Sower goes out of our memories.

DR. KOOMADHI OF ASHANTEE. By F. Frankfort Moore. Acme Library. 1s. (A. Constable.)

Mr. Frankfort Moore has a decided liking for peopling his novels with thoroughly bad characters. But sometimes this preference results in something a great deal more disagreeable than the present tale, though seldom anything so ghastly. It is a very grim, a very ugly little story, but admirably told. We don't believe it for a moment, and yet it gets a shudder out of us. Dr. Koomadhi reads the *Saturday Review*, dresses in sober European taste, remembers to smile restrainedly, and finally asks an English girl to marry him. Taken off her guard, her refusal is unmistakable, and from her elliptical language he infers that she would as soon marry an ape. She does marry, soon, a stalwart, stupid, highly respectable John Bull. Dr. Koomadhi makes his way into his native forests, interviews his witch mother, comes out armed with deadly enchantments, and the hitherto respectably conducted John Bull gives signs of insanity. To describe the form this temporary affliction takes, or the ghastly end of this demoniacal little tale, would be to give the book away unfairly.

A WOMAN INTERVENES. By Robert Barr. 6s. (Chatto.)

Out of the buying of a Canadian mine Mr. Barr has spun a very varied and amusing story. The fortunes of the accountant and the mining expert, sent out from England to report on the subject, provide material enough to entertain readers who are, as a rule, bothered by plots in which money, stocks, and shares play their intricate parts. But the enterprise of the audacious Miss Jennie Brewster, of the *Argus*, who waylays the guileless accountant on his way across the Atlantic, and worms his financial secrets out of him, provides a lively interest from Chapter II. onwards. The contest of wits proceeds along in a brisk fashion to the end; and Mr. Barr proves conclusively that the pursuit of gold, the rising and falling of the market, desperate financial dangers, and suchlike, cannot kill romance. The heroine is learned on money matters, yet none the less a quixotically enthusiastic lover.

PIERROT! By H. de Vere Stackpoole. Pierrot's Library. (Lane.)

There is very pretty workmanship in this story, and few books of late have so enchanted us in the first page. When we read, "One afternoon late in summer, journeying to Paris by a pleasant road whose name I have forgotten, I paused to rest for a while under the shade of a great elm tree," and onwards to the description of the poplar avenue leading to the house with the look of "antiquity, unreality, and sadness," we settled down to give a romantic writer as good a chance as ever he was likely to enjoy. Well, there is romance in the story, and there is imagination, but they don't take possession of you. The tale would like to pass in two worlds. We find no fault with that; but in reality its scene is in neither, except for two or three instances. The escape of the morbid, elfish boy to Paris is good; the wanderings of Ambre-Noir in the forest touch us; the queer, unearthly fancies of Louis in the old chateau, while the very real Prussian cannons are muttering ruin outside, fascinate us. But for the rest, it is dimly, incoherently expressed, a story of madness without much method. The attempt at the picture of a lonely boy, descendant of the great Bussy d'Ambois, lost in an age and in circumstances he can make nothing of, we do not undervalue any more than we do the occasional delicacy of the writing. But our enjoyment of Pierrot is less than our expectation of the something better we may hope for from Mr. Stackpoole.

PERSIS YORKE. By Sydney Christian. 4s. (Smith, Elder.)

We have read stories by this writer that we have liked much better than "Persis Yorke." He has always a tendency to be clumsy, for all his good qualities, and we hardly ever lose sight of the clumsiness here. But, as elsewhere, we always sympathize with his aim, and recognise that his open-mindedness, his generosity, and his delicacy in dealing with difficult subjects, are very rare even among those who weave stories more deftly. Mr. Christian knows the hard workaday world of men and women very intimately, and he fights for them chivalrously in his stories. But we think he is better at drawing portraits than telling tales. At least this plot is spoilt by a rather tawdry melodrama, which, as a background to such sterling sensible people as Persis and Miss Richards, seems lamentably out of place.

A SET OF ROGUES. By Frank Barrett. 6s. (Innes.)

Mr. Barrett has a good deal of trouble in the course of his very entertaining story to preserve the readers' good will towards his "set of rogues." For indeed their plot was not a pretty one, and we are not quite sure whether the author's apologies and excuses and head-shakings, in deference to modern scruples, make the case any better than it would have been in the hands of some gay, cynical, picaresque story-teller of long ago who might have chosen such a theme. We don't believe the story as Mr. Barrett tells it; the beautiful virtues do not flourish so luxuriantly in folks that steal a fortune, even though the fortune is in bad keeping, and though the rightful owners are not likely to come by their own. You have to grant a good deal; suppress in your mind many probabilities. Do that, and you have an excellent story. The travels of the players in Spain, on their road to Elche, where the charming Moll is to learn Moorish, that she may the better personate an English heiress—supposed to be at the moment a slave in Algiers—and the expiatory voyage of Moll to Barbary after she had been purified and disciplined by love and marriage, supply delightful entertainment, and if you keep your sense of probability well down, you will as likely as not weep over the noble sacrifice of that arrant rogue Jack Dawson, and will reach the end thinking you have never kept company with persons of more exemplary behaviour. And the enjoyment of this fairy tale does not commit you to a belief that a conscience of an extremely sensitive kind may be born with sudden strength in a woman who has grown up to a marriageable age without one.

THE DEMAGOGUE AND LADY PHAYRE. By William J. L. Locke. Pioneer Series. 2s. 6d. (Heinemann.)

Though the working-man political leader is a favourite figure in modern fiction, he is very rarely represented in a credible manner. Prejudice, sentimentality, and ignorance all stand in the way of success. Among those that have surmounted these difficulties we will not say Mr. Locke is pre-eminent, but certainly in his presentation of Daniel Goddard there is a very unusual and most welcome common sense. He is a real personage. Imagination plays no part, good or bad, in his making; he is the result of sympathetic and close observation of facts and persons very characteristic of to-day. Mr. Locke has, in his endeavour to win favour for Goddard and pity for his story, disarmed some prejudices by inventing a legacy which, while it gives leisure to the skilled cabinet-maker for his political labours, also relieves him from the reproach that seems to lurk in the name of "paid agitator." We cannot quarrel with this as a mere refuge from a difficulty—it is part of the story, the source, through the leisure it affords to his wretched wife, of her degradation and his tragic misery. Novelists might reveal oftener than they do the real tragedy of sensitive souls with ties, duties, and sympathies divided by the boundaries of varied social castes. It forms a chief part of Mr. Locke's aim here, and his treatment of the subject must have his reader's consent all along. This is a tale whose sad ending one cannot revolt against in any mood. To Lady Phayre we knew from the beginning he was only interesting, never a possible husband; and the burden of remorse he bears about with him, for his wretched wife's death, in the midst of his political success, if not reasonable, is natural enough, seeing that it was never drowned by any waves of happiness.

A ROMANCE OF WASTDALE. By A. E. W. Mason. 3s. 6d. (E. Mathews.)

"Romance" is a good word, and we protest against its use for this tale, whose inanity is only relieved by ingenious ugliness. The chief figure is a young man who on the eve of marriage discovers that the lady he is engaged to had flirted with a former acquaintance of his. She does not seem to be desperately wicked, and has long been begging him not to put her on a pedestal, but he is of that flabby kind of constitution that will have it the whole race of woman is bad, if one slips, or even wounds his conceit. This manly hero, of course, gives the girl up, then meets his rival—an arrant cad who had refused to give up some letters—on a lone hillside, kills him with the broken neck of a bottle, refuses to go for aid, and hits the man when he is dying. He kills himself afterwards, but that in no way adds to the sordid horror of the tale. Romance can be got out of a good many things, but it refuses any of the materials here.

HEADLONG HALL AND NIGHTMARE ABBEY. Edited by George Saintsbury. By Thomas Peacock. Illustrated Standard Novels. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan.)

Professsor Saintsbury is doing what he can to find new readers for Peacock. In this series have already appeared "Maid Marian" and "Crotchet Castle." Some people find out Peacock by instinct, laugh with him, quarrel with him, and go back to him again and again to enjoy and quarrel as before. But others need a particularly genial, persuasive introduction to his merits, and that is what they get here. Professor Saintsbury is ostensibly addressing those who know the stories already, or at least "Crotchet Castle," pointing out to them the novelist's development in that book from the rudimentary stage marked by "Headlong Hall"; but his allusions, and comparative criticism, discriminatingly appreciative, are just of the kind to incite the curiosity of readers who have never made acquaintance with this strongly indi-

vidual genius of the last generation, much of whose satire and humour are not at all out of date. We are glad to see the editor's hearty tribute to Peacock's songs and parodies, "Sir Peter," the great Ap-Breakneck, Ap-Headlong Chorus, and the others, which have life enough to keep deader books alive. Mr. H. R. Millar's illustrations make the present edition a pleasant one to read in.

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE.

THE LYRICAL POEMS OF THOMAS CAMPION. Edited by Ernest Rhys. (Dent)

Campion is perhaps the most striking instance of the unhappy fact that a poet of great worth may be long hidden away from the appreciation of many more or less cultivated generations. There was in his case the explanatory circumstance that his exquisite lyrics were bound up with airs which went out of vogue; but that hardly stops our wonder that, in a world where beautiful things are not too common, such a wealth of lovely fancy and melody should have had to be rediscovered so lately. We wish Mr. Bullen, Campion's rediscoverer, would give us the perfect edition in "The Muse's Library"; but in this wish we are not at all ungrateful to Mr. Rhys, who has collected Campion's lyrical gems, and added two of his interesting song-book prefaces, and one of his masques. In Messrs. Dent's very pretty "Lyric Poets" series these have a charming home. This great song-writer's appeal is not merely to the lovers of conceits and love-subtleties, deftly rendered. The best are broadly, warmly human, and stir deep, while they delight the sense of melody. And, for all Mr. Bullen's labours, even the best are not yet very widely known. How many lovers of lyrical wisdom know this song of fate—

> "Followe thy faire sunne, unhappy shadowe,
> Though thou be blacke as night,
> And she made all of light,
> Yet follow thy faire sunne, unhappie shadowe!
> . . . . . .
> Follow her while yet her glorie shineth;
> There comes a luckles night,
> That will dim all her light;
> And this the black unhappie shade devineth"—

or the rousing strains of "Awake, awake, thou heavy spright"? And if "There is a garden in her face" has won more general favour, Mr. Rhys's collection will serve to show that it has many fair and worthy companions. The short introduction is worth reading for its remarks on the way in which Campion's metres and cadences have been influenced by the fact that he wrote all his songs for music.

ENGLAND'S DARLING. By Alfred Austin. (Macmillan.)

Perhaps the less said about the Laureate's new drama the better. It is quite good enough to praise, and even to read, if you are not in a hypersensitive mood, when it is bad enough to feed your scorn. "Over and over again," says Mr. Austin, "in later years, when traversing those tracts of our native land which the most vividly recall his [Alfred's] heroism, his wisdom, and his triumph, I found myself exclaiming, 'If one could but write of Alfred.' A visit to Edington—the Saxon Ethandune—one mellow November afternoon, gave fresh stimulus to the longing, and finally generated the production of this work. Would it were worthier! But, to cite words of Alfred's own, 'Do not blame me; for every man must say what he says, and do what he does, according to his ability.'" Exactly so. And Mr. Austin had to say what he says aloud, and do what he does publicly, a case for respectful sympathy when you are forced to say and do the unsuitable thing. We should all like to write of Alfred, and Arthur, and Charlemagne, and a great many others, but luckily we are not obliged to show how far our grasp is short of our reach. There never was a deader drama attempted, maybe, and not very often such glib commonplace seriously put into the mouths of players. But as a representation of history we have honoured much worse things—spots on the walls of the English School in the National Gallery are proofs of that. And there is a slender love-story in the play, that of Edward and Elgiva, to which, albeit against his will, all Mr. Austin's strength has run. The scenes pass out of doors, amidst trees, and flowers, and morning air, while "the East crimsons like hedgerose yet half-unclosed," and the lark's song is heard—

> "like a fountain he went up,
> Or in melodious spray fell bubbling back."

Alfred, Guthrum, Oskytel, and the rest of the serious persons, are carnival figures, mere stuffed costumes that pass out of memory as soon as out of sight; but there is something "frank and fresh" about Edgiva and Edward.

WITH AN AMBULANCE DURING THE FRANCO-GERMAN WAR. By C. E. Ryan. With Portrait and Maps. (Murray.)

If Dr. Ryan had employed some discreet friend to look at his very interesting book before it went to press, it might have had a better chance of consideration from impatient readers, who are wont to judge by the first chapter or two. The discreet friend might have cut out the guileless, garrulous, though not unattractive nothings with which the book starts, describing in child-like terms his recollections of his first trip abroad. The garrulous nothings crop up again and again, but after a reader has grasped how much Dr. Ryan has to tell of interest about his actual experiences in the war, these will not weary, but only give him a liking for the writer. He saw a great deal. He was a member of the Anglo-American Ambulance Staff, and on joining it went straight to Sedan, to help the French army there. He and his fellows were afterwards annexed by the Germans, whose wounded they tended at Orleans. He was a prisoner of the French Franc-tireurs; he saw celebrities; he was intimate with danger; he knew war in such a way as to shudder at it ever after. A devoted, sympathetic man, these experiences came to him in the impressionable time of very early manhood, and his simple account of them is often so extremely vivid that his artless book must be put down on the list of those that give us an inside and realisable view of the struggle. The Sedan part will be of most general interest; and it contains impressions and details to be found nowhere else. The demoralisation of the army, the hopeless confusion on the French side, he forces on your consideration. A testimony is paid to Zola's accuracy by his independent evidence, and Dr. Ryan acknowledges in his preface the novelist's "masterly exposition of facts." But the Orleans experiences are the fresher, if the less sensational. His general reflections are prim and not worth much, but wherever he tells of what he saw with his eyes outside the hospital during his short respites from duty, or of the work that fell to him to do inside, of his cases, and the evidence and tales they brought from the field, his narrative wins easily our best attention.

THOMAS CARLYLE. By Hector C. Macpherson. Famous Scots Series. 1s. 6d. and 2s. 6d. (Oliphant.)

Perhaps this book is superfluous. But the Famous Scots Series is a good idea, and Carlyle could not be omitted. Carlyle himself, Froude, Masson, and the late Professor Nichol, whom, however, Mr. Macpherson does not mention, have given us nearly all the biographical information possible or needful, and they and others a good deal of excellent criticism as well. A new writer cannot bring much that is new. This one brings nothing. He has made a readable compilation, with a fairly intelligent, not at all servile estimate of Carlyle's work and character. The section which has most independent value is that which deals—very briefly however, for indeed the book has the defects of its one excellent quality of briefness—with Carlyle's social and political theories. On Carlyle's temper regarded from the point of view of companionableness, he is rather on the side of the condemners, which gives Professor Masson, who has interested himself in the book, an opportunity of testifying to the great man's kindness and tenderness, "the actual *couthiness* of his manner and fireside conversation in his most genial hours."

LEVIORE PLECTRO (Occasional Verses). By Alfred Cochrane. (Longmans.)

Mr. Cochrane is not a new-comer in the field of light verse. "The Kestrel's Nest" made friends for him some little time ago, and their welcome of another volume will not be abused by its quality. He strays beyond the usual boundaries of *vers de société* writers, but he never turns up in the wrong place, and he appears everywhere with a modest and unaffected mien. As in his earlier book we are specially charmed with his nature poems, all unambitious

and unpretending as they are. The genuine love of country peace they breathe is none the less effectively restful that the contrast of the town is not left out.

"Pan looks upward to the Silver Pleiads,
When all the wood is dumb,
And softly laughs amid his sleeping dryads
To hear the city's hum."

The light, bantering love-ditties, like "To Amaryllis (as I approach her in the South Express)," "Facilis Descensus," and "To Cynthia (after admitting it)"—a defence of sulking and other misdemeanours in certain circumstances—are every one of graceful humour, and perhaps show Mr. Cochrane at his cleverest. "Lays from the Pavilion and the Links," however, invite a special audience to themselves. Such aptitude is a kind of inspiration, and we quote only to contradict a line or two from "The Minor Poet's Apology":

"Since I can feel no patriot's call,
No goading wrongs, like Juvenal,
Nor any need to sing at all,
Then something must be wrong."

POEMS. By Emily Hickey. (Elkin Mathews.)

We are not kept long enough in one mood, nor on one plane, to derive much satisfaction from this volume of Miss Hickey's verse. It may seem foolish and ungrateful to complain of variety, but when variety takes the shape of what look like experiments, not very successful either, in forms and manners which seem to disagree among themselves, and not to be dictated by any strong impulse of the writer, the complaint is excusable. Among the domestic, the amorous, the religious, and the legendary poems, only one stands out prominently, as a whole, though evidence of poetic feeling and some fine lines are not wanting in the others. The distinguished poem is "The Ballad of Lady Ellen," and we like it for its subject and its treatment. Its story will be familiar to a good many readers already, for Mr. Yeats used it in his "Countess Kathleen." The beautiful legend of the lady who sold her soul to the Evil One to buy food for her starving people, can bear another telling, and Miss Hickey's version is a worthy one, simple, direct, and tender, and pleasing to the ear as well.

Miss Hickey, in speaking of the origin of the legend, tells us what will be new to most. It is not Irish, as we had supposed, but from the French. Irish writers found it in the translation of Mr. John Augustus O'Shea, published in an Anglo-Irish newspaper.

SOCRATES AND ATHENIAN SOCIETY IN HIS DAY. A Biographical Sketch, By A. D. Godley. 4s. 6d. (Seeley.)

Mr. Godley says at the outset he has not written his book for scholars, but there is nothing in his treatment of his subject which would alienate classical students or professed Platonists. As far as possible he has omitted reference to or discussion of the speculative side of Socrates' teaching, his chief aim being to draw a picture of the man and his relation to the society of Athens in his day. Certainly in no other popular book is Socrates presented as he is here. Scholars are allowed, indeed forced, to face the bizarre, the eccentric side of the sage's character and personality, and to puzzle out for themselves from Plato's decorous, exquisite descriptions, from the satire of Aristophanes, and the prosaic testimony of Xenophon, the truth about the man whose personal influence was so enormous in his day and has been transmitted to ours. But summaries of the whole matter prepared for the unlearned have been content to report vague rumours of virtue with an uncouth exterior, the interesting details, the human characteristics being mostly omitted. Here he plays his several parts as a man before our eyes, teaching his young students, drinking and talking with his friends, doing his duty as a citizen, counselling the troubled, disturbing the conservatives, the scapegoat of the misfortunes of the city. The personalities of the various friends and enemies who described the man in one way or another, Plato, Alcibiades, Xenophon, and Aristophanes, are taken into account, and their reports discriminatingly treated. Perhaps we get no further than the average general conception of students of the subject, but we get as far; and that is much in a book planned merely for the intelligent reader who knows no Greek. Very few of the books aiming at a popularization of classical knowledge are at once so scholarly and so readable.

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[*See p.* 185.]

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2. Hardy's Jude the Obscure. 6s.
3. Hope's Comedies of Courtship. 6s.
4. Slatin Pasha's Fire and Sword in the Sudan. 21s. net.
5. Crane's Red Badge of Courage. 2s. 6d. and 3s. net.
6. Pepys' Diary. Vol. 7. Wheatley. 10s. 6d.

Business dull lately; very few important new books. Now brisk, and everything selling well.

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2. Beatitudes. Dr. Maclaren. 5s. (Alexander & Shepheard.)
3. Diocese Books. Various.
4. Lent Manuals and Books of Devotion. Various.
5. Sorrows of Satan. Corelli. 6s. (Methuen.)
6. Trilby. Du Maurier. 6s. (Osgood.)

MANCHESTER.

1. Hardy's Jude the Obscure.
2. Mortimer's Mercantile Manchester.
3. Du Maurier's Trilby.
4. Dr. Maclaren's The Beatitudes.
5. Ian Maclaren's Auld Lang Syne.
6. Black's Atlas of the World.

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3. Alfred Austin, Poems.
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TRADE NOTES.

LONDON, W.C.

(*Second-hand.*)

First editions are still selling exceedingly well, and the trade in all departments is certainly good.

LONDON, E.C.

Second-hand trade still improving; slight decline latter part of month. Demand for works of fiction, education, book-keeping, etc.

BIRMINGHAM.

The month just passed was a much better one for the book trade here than the corresponding one last year, students' books (second-hand) being in large request; also a good all-round trade is being done.

DERBY.

During the present month trade has been flourishing, and considerable improvement has been shown in export business, the demand being chiefly for poetry (particularly Alfred Austin's works), Thomas Hardy, and the Yellow Book style of literature. Second-hand trade is rapidly improving.

YORK.

There is little improvement in trade here. Collectors of scarce works (rare topography, etc.) are decreasing. There is a fair sale for current fiction and scientific works, but cheap "remainders" and magazines seem most in demand.

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[Lists of Books Wanted have occasionally to be omitted owing to the senders' names and addresses not being attached.]

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McKerlie's Lands and their Owners.
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Trotter's Galloway Gossip.
McDiarmid's Picture of Dumfries.
Boyd (Dr.), Recreations, illus. edition.
Du Maurier's Peter Ibbetson.
Selous' Hunter's Wanderings in Africa.
Alexander (Mrs.), The Freers.
Stoddart's Portfolio Views of Cities, etc., Chicago Exhibition.
Rossetti (Christina), Poems.
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